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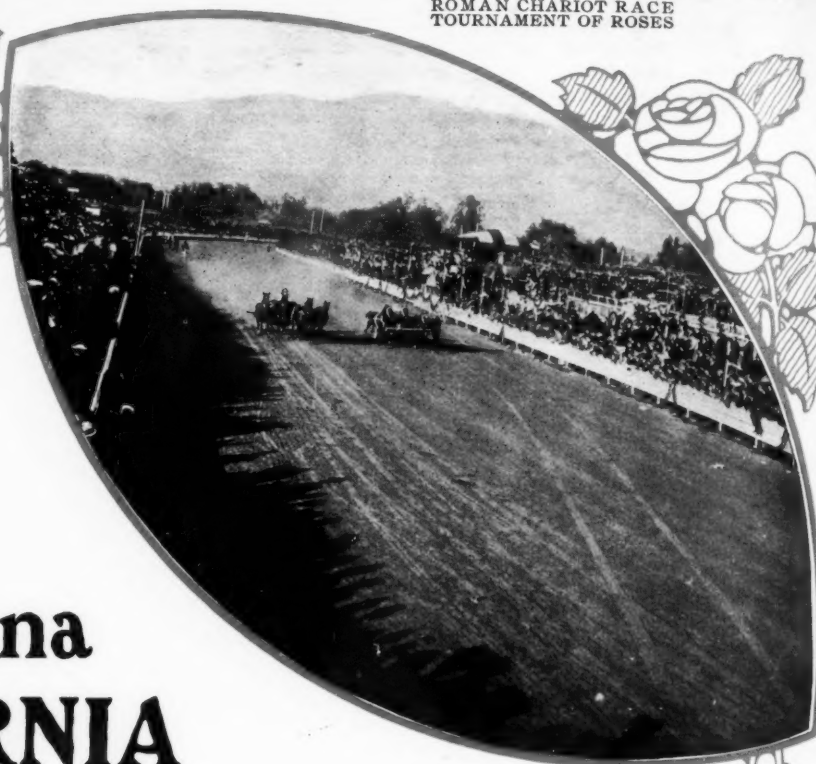
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TOURNAMENT OF ROSES



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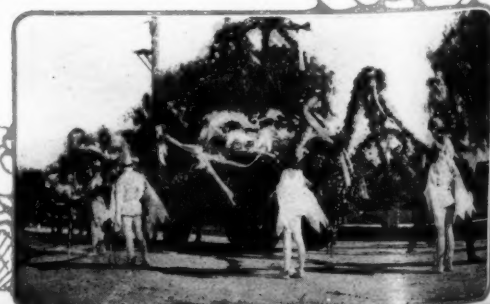
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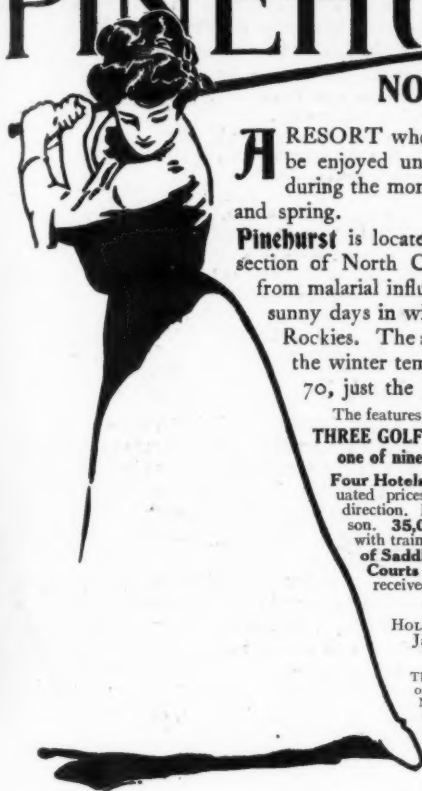
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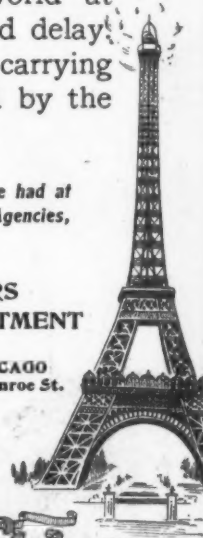
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"WOOD pulp literature, I call it . . . There are ten times as many magazines as there were thirty or forty years ago. Seriously, I think that the next man who starts a new one ought to be sent to jail."—*Edmund Clarence Steadman.*

Revered and honoured Steadman, banker-poet,
 There are too many of them and they know it.
 But forty years ago, as you'll concede,
 There were not near so many who could read,
 And, further, then the world was not so wise,
 For few there were who cared to advertise.
 "Wood-pulp" it is and second grade at that,
 Yet modern scribblers need not pass the hat.
 Sure, something's gained if literary fellers
 No longer feed on crusts or live in cellars.
 Spare the poor publisher! Send him not to jail,
 Lest wood-pulp authors of their wages fail;
 But, if you must, then save the young and tender.
 We, who are new, say: Jug the Old Offender!

—*Bellman.*

A Bench Wit

LORD BRAMPTON, who has just died at the age of ninety, was one of the best-known and most respected English judges of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He was much better known as Mr. Justice Hawkins, as he was elevated to the peerage comparatively recently, after his life's work was practically completed. He was failing for some time before he died, and, on his ninetieth birthday (September 21 last), was too weak to see any visitors, or even to go out for a drive, although the weather was mild.

He was a ready wit and an excellent raconteur, as well as an eminent judge, and innumerable good stories are told about him and the criminals to whom he was a terror. On one occasion, at Old Bailey, a policeman, giving evidence against a prisoner before Lord Brampton (who was then Sir Henry Hawkins), was asked what the prisoner had said when arrested.

Without a smile the officer pulled out his pocketbook and read: "Prisoner said, when charged, 'God grant I be not charged before 'Awkins, or he will bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.'" Even the Judge laughed.

Once when on his way to the races the Judge was in a crowded car and some of the "boys" attempted to hustle him. Thinking he would be known by them he removed his hat, and, looking his sternest, said, "Don't you know who I am?"

The worst of the offenders looked at the square jaw and close-cropped head, and shrank into a corner with the exclamation, "S'elp me, Bob—a bloomin' prize-fighter!"

When on the bench he used to have a pet terrier with him, which was tethered by a long blue ribbon attached to the Judge's wrist. While the dog sat still under the desk all was well, but he would occasionally want to investigate the court-room, and amusement would be caused by the judge having to haul him back by the ribbon. On one occasion the dog suddenly barked loudly.

"Turn that dog out of the gallery!" cried the Judge with great promptitude, at the same time administering an admonitory pat to the pet under his desk.

In discussing the probability of an after-life for dogs, with a chaplain, the latter remarked, "But, my Lord, the great drawback is they cannot understand what is said to them."

"Indeed, Mr. Chaplain," was Judge Hawkins's rejoinder, "don't you think that they may think it a great drawback that you will not understand them when they speak."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

The Uses of a Husband

VIRA, the Morse's sable cook, announced to her mistress that she intended to be married the next week. Mrs. Morse was filled with regret. "Oh, Vira," she cried, "I was afraid William would persuade you at last! You said you'd never leave us."

"Why, I isn't gwine to leabe you, honey," and Vira patted the shoulder of her young mistress in a comforting way. "I's jes' nachelly marrying dat William now to keep him from pestering me. He's been roun' too much lately, an' yet if I cas' him off, he'll get into mixtrious comp'ny. I's marrying dat boy to sabe him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morse, somewhat reassured by Vira's tone, but slightly bewildered, nevertheless, "I know it will be a fine thing for him, Vira, but won't he want to take you away?"

"Whar he get de money?" inquired Vira, returning to her work of beating eggs with renewed vigor. "I's saved de money fo' his honeymoon trip, and I's got his plans all laid out fo' him. He's got a ticket out to Californy an' to bring my ole farder back Eas'; an' den I's gwine send him down Souf fo' my sister, an' den up in Canady fo' my brudder, an' when he gets dat fam'ly all rounded up, an' has to suppo't 'em mostly, you t'ink he's gwine be in a hurry to hab me to suppo't, honey?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

A YOUNG artist recently gave his wife her first peep at a picture he'd been working on for a wealthy patron. "Why, dear, it's lovely," murmured the better-half—"lovely! But I think those sheep look—well, just a trifle too much like clouds—that is, of course, dear—er—unless they are clouds!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

There was once a man, Mark Twain tells us, who wouldn't shingle his roof when the sun shone because it wasn't necessary, and when it rained he couldn't. So he never got anywhere. There are some business folks who won't use

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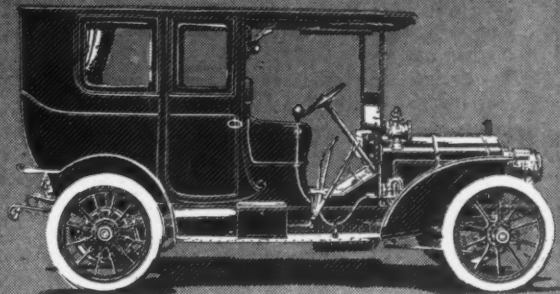
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My Love-Story

A LADY of sagacity and beautiful audacity once had the pertinacity to ask me, at her door: "If I can find a minister who is not bold or sinister—why should I stay a spinster—and you a bachelorette?"

It was no time for puttering or stammering or stuttering, and so I hastened, uttering as fast as I could speak:

"Had I a home colonial, with furnishings baronial, I might feel matrimonial—but NOT on six a week."

She laughed and said quite cynical: "Well, you're the very pinnacle of everything that's finical"—but I said nothing more.

And thus we found no minister, and I moved off to Finisterre, and she is still a spinster, and I'm a bachelorette.

—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

Depew's Reformation

THE friends of Senator Chauncey M. Depew denounce as grossly exaggerated the report that, as a retail and wholesale dealer in anecdotes of all varieties, he has reformed. In fact, somebody asked the Senator about it not long since, and Mr. Depew replied:

"My reformation is only partial. I used to relate a joke in the face of all protest; now, however, I have learned a little wisdom: when I am telling a man a story I stop short if I see a certain peculiar gleam in his eye."

"The gleam that means he's heard it before?" inquired the curious one.

"No," replied the Senator; "the gleam that means he's busy thinking of one he means to tell me."—Saturday Evening Post.

Paid for His Own Capture

SEVERAL weeks ago the sheriff of Payne County was notified that a reward of twenty-five dollars had been offered for the arrest of Thomas Smith and his return to Winfield, Kan. Smith was supposed to be in this portion of Oklahoma. Thomas Hoyt, a deputy sheriff, located Smith at the home of relatives near here and placed him in jail at Stillwater. Smith had a large sum of money in his possession. The sheriff at Winfield was notified and came to Stillwater for his prisoner.

"That's the man, all right," said the Kansas sheriff. "I'll start back with him on the first train. When I get home I'll send you the money."

"Not if I know it," said Deputy Hoyt; "I need the money now."

The Kansas sheriff was vexed.

"Why not borrow the money from Smith?" suggested the Oklahoman.

The Kansan grinned at this display of Oklahoma nerve and said he would try it. He went to the jail and in a short time returned with the money and paid the reward and started with Smith to Kansas.—Stillwater Correspondence Kansas City Star.

LORD HALSBURY, who had just entered upon his eighty-third year, was the leader of the South Wales circuit. In this capacity he once fought very strenuously on behalf of a Welsh public authority, and rather amused his listeners by the ardor with which he identified himself with the interests of the locality. "Come, come," interposed the judge, good-naturedly, "you must not argue too much in that strain. You cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman, you know." "Perhaps not," returned the future lord chancellor, "but I have made a good deal of money out of Welshmen in my time." "Well, well," replied the judge, "we may call you a Welshman by extraction."—Bellman.

Wanted the Sensation

THE venerable farmer with the tobacco-stained whiskers and furrowed brow climbed aboard the limited and shambled into the smoker.

"Mister," he drawled, when the conductor halted before him, "is that thar two cents-a-mile rate good on this train?"

"It is," replied the conductor, brusquely. "Where is your ticket?"

The old man fumbled in the depths of an ancient shot-bag.

"Ain't go no ticket, mister," he said slowly, "but here be two cents. I never rode on one of these pesky flyers and I just want to feel the sensation. Put me off after I've rode one mile."

A WOMAN who had a deposit of \$10,000 appealed to an influential friend, during the financial flurry, to help her get the money. She called at his house at a late hour upon the same evening that the newspapers mentioned the name of her bank.

Shortly after nine o'clock the next morning the woman answered the telephone. Her business friend advised her to remain at home until he could visit several banks and see if any of them would advance the money. He called on four without success, but the fifth promised to advance it. The man quickly jumped to a telephone. His acquaintance, according to instructions, had a check for the full amount made out and ready to present.

"Come down at once to the ——— and bring your check with you, as I have everything arranged," said the man.

"I can't come to-day, I have an engagement with my dressmaker," replied the woman who had been in such distress.—New York Evening Post.



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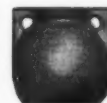
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1857 The Atlantic Monthly 1907

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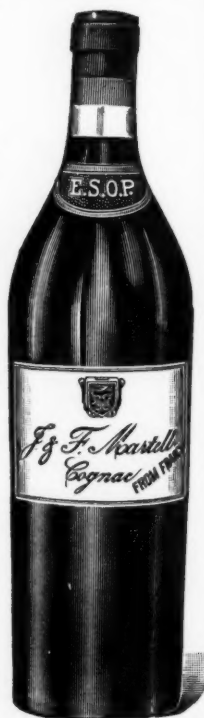


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Wisdom in Raising a Family

E. S. MARTIN writes philosophically about "Raising a Family," in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, and Elizabeth Shippen Green has made beautiful paintings of children to illustrate it. These are some of the things he has to say on a subject of eternal interest:

"After all, what an extraordinary speculation it is to raise a child! Nobody would risk it if it were not for the drawbacks of the alternative."

"There is nothing—almost nothing—that any adventurer can leave behind in the world that is so satisfactory, both to the adventurer and to the world, as a good family; one made up of individuals who have brains and manners, aspirations and compunctions; wise standards of living and high standards of conduct."

"A family can be raised too much—so much that it doesn't get a fair chance to grow."

"Children have the best chance when there are enough of them to insure a wholesome diffusion of the parental energies."

"The best thing we can leave our children is freedom, and, whether parents realize it or not, it is to leave their children free that most parents aim. . . . Free from want, or any reasonable fear of it, if we can, though most of us can't. And if we cannot do that for them, we are the more solicitous to put them in due season in the way of doing it for themselves."

"A child that has been so raised that it can't conveniently lie, and is instinctively averse to deception, has been well started in the direction of right living. One way to promote that disposition is to respect a child's legitimate reserves."

"The philosophic parent will be wary of expecting too much gratitude from the young while they are still young. . . . To inculcate in children an undue sense of debt to their parents seems a mistake. . . . An oppressive sense of obligation . . . may mar the beauty of the relation."

"It belongs to us as parents to raise the children we have got, taking them as we find them. . . . To make the best of what we have got is the parental aim. . . . Good of the kind gives satisfaction. What the kind is—I won't say does not matter, but at any rate it seems not to be vitally important, since it takes all kinds to make the world."

BISHOP POTTER has somewhere related in humorous vein the eagerness of the traveler in India to find himself "on the road to Mandalay," and the keen disappointment, the utter disillusionment, that comes to him when once he is there. Kipling, of course, is the magician who has woven the spell of enchantment about the Burmese highway. Long before I came across the bishop's sprightly narrative I had myself fallen a victim to the miserable Mandalay business. I do not remember where I found it in Kipling. I never knew anything about Mandalay, and don't now. I don't know why anybody should want to be in Mandalay or be on the road there. And yet there was and is something attractive about the mere designation as it stands. It haunts you. "On the road to Mandalay." It has a pleasing sound. Without knowing why, you thrill and feel vaguely elated. Bishop Potter says he felt that way. He nearly missed all the pleasure of the antecedent sojourn in the land of the rajahs, and rushed along like a Baedeker tourist, because he wanted to get to the lotus-lined, honeysuckle-draped, dream-environed, Buddha-haunted, charm-enchanted "road to Mandalay."

* * *

Then when he got there he suddenly found himself yearning for the Bowery, or Mott Street, New York, U. S. A. I take it that the road to Mandalay is a sort of flea-bitten corduroy ruin like the ancient plank thoroughfare that once crossed the Hackensack meadows, New Jersey. And yet, in spite of the bald and unbeautiful facts in the case, "the road to Mandalay" still lays its charm upon the reader, and I suppose no traveler to the mystic home of the Hindu will ever dare come back and face his friends and own up that he cut it out of his itinerary.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

The Beginning of Trouble

"SOMETIMES when folks give a present they think is just what anybody wants, it turns out otherwise," said Mr. Hobart, as he drew a chair up to the stove and held his thin hands toward the cheerful warmth. "Now, there's that diary you gave Brother Eb last Christmas"—

"What's the matter with it?" sharply demanded Mrs. Hobart. "It ought to be good; I gave fifty cents for it. Has the cover ripped off, or what?"

"Nothing's happened to it," said her husband, mildly. "It's Eb that's making all the trouble. He never kept a diary before, and sometime he forgets it for a week or so, and then it takes all hands to help him remember the weather and so on, and get it correct."

"Lucinda said to me that they were getting used to it—she and the girls, though she said it did seem as if she should give right up sometimes when she's had an unusual busy day, to have Eb sit down with his pen and that book, and say, 'Now, what did I do last Wednesday?' an' then begin to argue with Ned about it, an' both of 'em get mad inside o' five minutes."

"But she said as I only get over there once a month anyway, she thought 'twas too bad to have me happen on one of those writing-up times, same as I did last night."

"We've fixed it up between us that next month she's to send me a post-card when he's just finished up a week, saying, 'Come to-morrow, if possible, and I can tell you I shall wait till I get that post-card before I pack my satchel!'" —*YOUTH'S Companion.*

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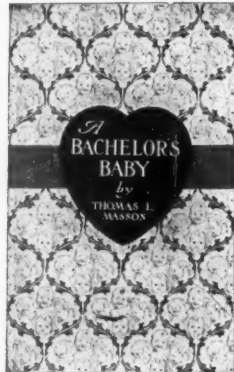
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BY

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

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*The
Literary
Zoo*

Popular Writers and Their Methods

III

IF CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS could manipulate a typewriter as Paderewski does the piano, the publishing market would go up ten points, with the Teddy-bearsscrampering for cover. Unfortunately, "I cannot compose more than 1,800 words an hour," he confesses, sadly, "as my fingers are all thumbs." The typewriter is to Mr. Loomis what Planchette, or the Ouija board, is to the experimenter in psychic phenomena. "It is a source of inspiration to me," he says, "and I love to stare at the friendly thing until I get an idea." Sometimes he sits and gazes at his machine for the space of two hours—the limit of his daily toil; and though, like Bill Simmons, "he tries his best for to concentrate," not a thought rewards his waiting. This means a day lost; for when that tocsin of the soul—the luncheon bell—rings out, Mr. Loomis puts his work away. As he says, "I need the afternoon in which to see the world." Nevertheless, he averages 2,000 words a day twelve months of the year. He does not make many changes in his original draft. For, "The stuff over which I putter and which I recast is apt not to find a publisher. Easy writing makes hard reading, so they say, but what would I gain by forcing my ideas to come slowly? And I always entirely rewrite once."

* * *

"BLAME it all on the typewriter," writes John Luther Long, author of that humorous tale, "Madame Butterfly." "I do nothing in any other way. Do I find it necessary to make many changes in my original draft? Shure. [Note the typewriter's eccentricities of spelling.] I shouldn't like the world to see any of the typewritten original drafts. I like the mss. to look like those immaculately copied first drafts which we see in the anthologies."

* * *

THOUGH George W. Cable has devoted much of his time in recent years to lecturing and the promotion of education, yet he still sets aside four hours of the morning for literary labors. He takes his work with him wherever he goes. "The Cavalier," for example, was written in sixteen different regions, including London, Edinburgh and Skibo Castle. Mr. Cable believes in elaborate revision. His first draft is done roughly with a pencil, but at every three hundred words he resorts to the typewriter and finishes his work on the machine. His first hour of the four is devoted to rewriting what he has written the preceding day, and sometimes he will turn



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back and rewrite the work done on three or four days. * * *

WHEN Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice is industrious she works three hours in the morning for four months of the year, in the winter and spring. She does most of her revision mentally, in advance, before touching pen to paper—going over and over the story to herself, and then writes rapidly, and with little effort, in longhand. However, she makes two or more careful and complete revisions, to avoid as far as possible the slipshod results of rapid composition. * * *

IT WILL be observed from the foregoing notes that of the authors whose working methods have been indicated, not one of them devotes the evening hours to composition, while almost all of them limit their tasks to the morning. None of the nineteen dictates his work, and very few employ the typewriting machine. Nearly all of them revise or rewrite the original draft. Excepting that few of them are so industrious, their methods, it would appear, do not greatly vary from the old-fashioned and accepted ones exemplified in the literary labors of Mr. Howells, who, we have always understood, is a tireless and methodical worker. Indeed, if report be true, the Dean of American Letters is more modern in the mechanical medium of his expression than his younger brethren, inasmuch as he is said to find the typewriting machine a less laborious implement than the pen. This, we fancy, may be ascribed to lifelong practice in writing, as well as to that clear thinking manifest in the ease of Mr. Howells's literary style. For one who thinks clearly and connectedly and composes with care, the typewriter, when operated by the writer himself, is no hindrance to felicity and flexibility of expression.

As for Mark Twain, he is *sui generis*—which, being freely translated, means that creative work is play to him, and that he does his best writing in bed.

Roosevelt and Chateaubriand

ONE thought suggests another. An idea breeds ideas. Reading maketh a full—but enough! We simply wished to say that our intense interest in the naturalistic exploits of our greatest student and slayer of big game, in the cane-brakes contiguous to Stamboul, has stimulated our interest in topography, geography, literature and the natural sciences in relation to the land of the Louisiana Purchase. Our business being chiefly with *belles-lettres*, and not with journalism or the reviewing of current fiction, it follows that our mental pursuit of the flora and fauna has led us to peruse the pages of authors long enough dead to be respected and unpopular enough to be reckoned as classics. While the light-

Continued on page 661

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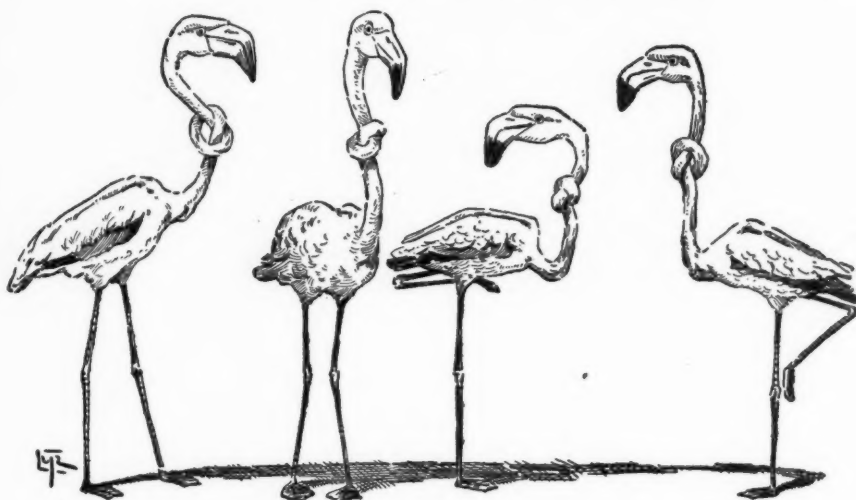
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mindful and overalert have been synchronously feeding on quick-lunches and Associated Press reports on the retiring habits of bears, we have employed our odd quarters-of-an-hour, while waiting in line with other depositors, by perusing our vest-pocket edition of Thucydides, and thumbing our thumb-nail copy of Châteaubriand.

From Thucydides (marked at the, favorite passages of our author-President and valued only a little less than our bank-book, in our other waistcoat pocket) we drew inspiration and hope, together with certain moral collateral for which the reader is respectfully referred to the President's speeches. It was, at any rate, more than we drew from the bank; but we put our trust in Presidents, and are confident that the crisis will pass, thanks to a sound constitution inherited from our forefathers.

From Châteaubriand we drew more than we had reason to expect. You remember, of course, your "Atala"—that is to say, Châteaubriand's. Who does not? But do you recall, in the course of his moving word picture of Wild Nature on the Mississippi, that pertinent and imperishable paragraph, in which we hear the rustle of the magnolia and the palm, the wind in the branches of the tulip-tree and the hollyhock, and perceive—as Châteaubriand himself did—the grottoes, arches, porticoes, of nature's sylvan architecture in Louisiana? Ah! we thought you did not. Attend, therefore, while, with practiced shears, we set before you one significant sentence:

A multitude of animals, placed in these retreats by the hand of the Creator, spread about life and enchantment: from the extremities of the avenues may be seen bears, intoxicated with the grape, staggering upon the branches of the elm-trees.

* * *

WHAT Mr. Roosevelt—an authority on the behavior of bears—would say to this, we do not profess to know, although a sympathetic scrutiny of his actions and utterances enables us in a measure—like Dr. Shaw—to get a "beat," so to speak, in advance of the routine forms of publicity. Moreover, we are all but inspired to suggest that his sportsmanlike pursuit of certain undesirable and predatory beasts proceeds less from the rancher's vulpine greed for the scalps of wolves than the interior and ulterior motive of writing about it. The ruling passion is not gore, but glory. To the *trouvere* the song is greater than the exploit which suggested it. Hence we hasten to disavow our sympathy with a timely poetaster who sings, after the manner of Hood:

Continued on page 663

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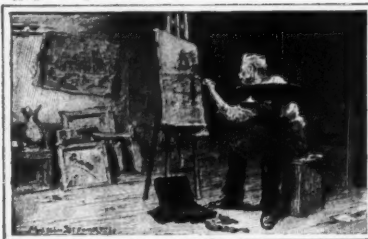
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Announcement

Our \$750 Prize Drawing

By
Mr. Malcolm Stewart

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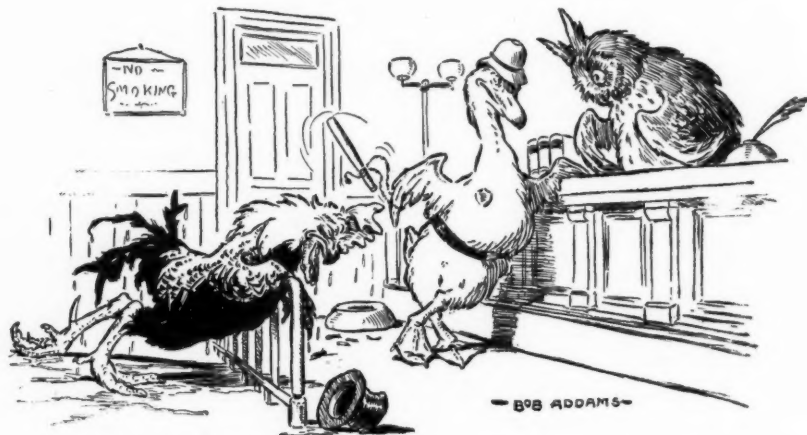
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I saw thee, strenuous Teddy,
For daring deeds prepare;
The weapon of a naturalist—
A Winchester—you wear.
Was there no Harriman at home,
No liar in his lair,
That you should swim the swamps to swat
The inoffensive bear?

* * *

BUT what of Châteaubriand's staggering bear?—of whose plight no one but a pot-hunter would take advantage. To go forth "loaded for bear" is one thing; but when Bruin is himself "loaded"—perish the thought. The strange things we see when we haven't a gun is an experience become proverbial; and Châteaubriand carried neither gun nor camera. We have only the simple, casual record, made without vaunting or thought of newspaper notoriety. It is true that "Atala" was first published (1801) in the *feuilleton* of a French newspaper, *Le Mercure de France*; but there is no record that this bear story attracted in itself the least attention, or that Châteaubriand was reproved for it by the First Consul. It will be objected by incredulous persons incapable of distinguishing an elm tree from an oak, in their soberest moments, that this writer was the founder of the romantic school in French literature. To this we reply that he was also a soldier and politician, that his writings were based on his personal observations in the American wilderness, and that he was the foremost man of letters of his day. Finally, that he was himself a skeptic.

* * *

DULL minds delight in gibing at the least touch of imagination in chronicles of fact. But Châteaubriand had the poet's vision. As Dr. Egan, our minister to Denmark, once sang of his namesake, Maurice de Guérin:

The old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
Unseen by others

The old wine filled the author of "Atala," too; but his specialty was snakes and bears rather than fauns. With the precise effects of grape-juice, eaten or imbibed in excess, we do not pretend to be familiar. Possibly it would stagger the tame imagination in its contemplation of Bruin thereby staggered. For our own part, we are glad that grapes do not grow in profusion near the North Pole, which Amundsen expects to annex with the aid of polar bear teams. More embarrassing than any mishap which has yet overtaken Mr. Walter Wellman would be to have your polar draught-bear jagged with grape-juice and floundering on the edges of an ice-berg.

"I never saw a sunset like that," said the lady critic of a Turner painting. "But don't you wish you could?" was the memorable, if somewhat ungrammatical, retort. And, anyway, Châteaubriand as a



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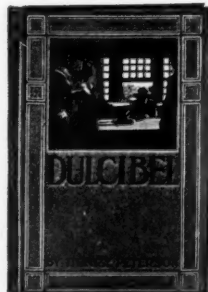
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word-painter practised restraint. He might have said a *slippery*-elm tree.

When the True Poet Comes

"OH, HOW shall we know when the true poet comes?" was a question once propounded in the *Century*—rhythmically and not altogether rhetorically, yet followed up with an answer that was far from satisfying practical minds. It is, indeed, a problem that presents many difficulties. As the Bertillon system of measurement has not yet been adapted to the identification of poets, it is becoming harder and harder to recognize them by physical appearance alone. In hats and hair they conform to the prevailing mode; the same may be said of their taste in cravats and cocktails; neither bow nor bowl is necessarily "flowing." The eye "in a wild frenzy rolling" is provided with astigmatic lenses or sent for treatment to the psychopathic ward. It is, alas, becoming almost impossible to tell a poet from a plumber. As a minor bard has sadly remarked:

You see, my child, there was a time
When every poet lisped in rhyme;
And when the critics held in mirth
A bard who could not prove his birth.
But now that he is not afraid
To let us know that he is made,
And that he has to learn to scan—
The poet looks like any man.

"But all this," you may object, "is beside the question; surely a much simpler means of recognition lies in the poet's productions." Of recognition, yes; of identification at first sight, no. Most editors and poets—but perhaps more especially the poets—agree that despite the microscopic scrutiny and telescopic search observed by every editor and publisher, many a poet has passed in the night through the very hands of able-bodied "readers."

* * *

OUR own *clientèle*, according to its lights, may variously perceive both the proof and the refutation of this view in the recent announcement by the *Cosmopolitan* that it had caught "the true poet," and led him captive in floral chains, where the plain people might observe him for the ridiculously low admission of ten cents. We have an immense respect for the *Cosmopolitan's* critical judgment of poetry, dating back from the time when its editor, Mr. John Brisben Walker, founder of the *Cosmopolitan* University, assured us that the version of "Omar" by his professor of rhetoric, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, put one Edward Fitzgerald's "on the fritz"—or words to that effect. Our esteem has not waned since the advent of Mr. Walker's successor in the office chair of criticism—Mr. Ambrose Bierce, formerly of San Francisco, where the earthquakes come from. Mr. Bierce as a *littérateur* not only lines up with the traditional "talent" of

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York City



that town, but possesses the journalistic instinct so essential to the conduct of a great modern magazine. It was a San Francisco newspaper that in one feat eclipsed all former achievements in enterprise by announcing: "As we go to press, a man is being run over in the Southern Pacific railway yards." So Mr. Bierce's "beat" in going to press with the "only great poem written in America," containing lines more lyrical than the best of Coleridge's and Keats's, and printed hard upon the heels of Mr. Bryce's slander of our poetry, was entirely characteristic.

* * *

WE HAVE followed more or less attentively the ensuing symposium on the subject in the *Cosmopolitan's* daily edition, the *New York Evening Journal*, to which Mr. Arthur Brisbane, better known to *Journal* readers under the pseudonym of William Randolph Hearst, has invited the critical collaboration of our most brilliant creative minds. It is not for us to take issue with Mr. Bierce on the merits—shall we say the immortality?—of Mr. George Sterling's "A Wine of Wizardy." Mr. Bierce is not only "a VERY great critic," as Mr. Brisbane-Hearst capitally remarks, but is, as he himself admits, one of the six or seven persons in this country qualified to recognize poetry when it is put up to them.

The name of Keats "was writ in water." The pity of it! Had he lived to meet Mr. Brisbane Randolph Bierce, he might have seen it printed in pica—a little below that of George Sterling.

W. T. L.

EPICURE: Where in thunder did you get this wine?

BLUFFER: That wine, sir, has been in my cellar for twenty-five years.

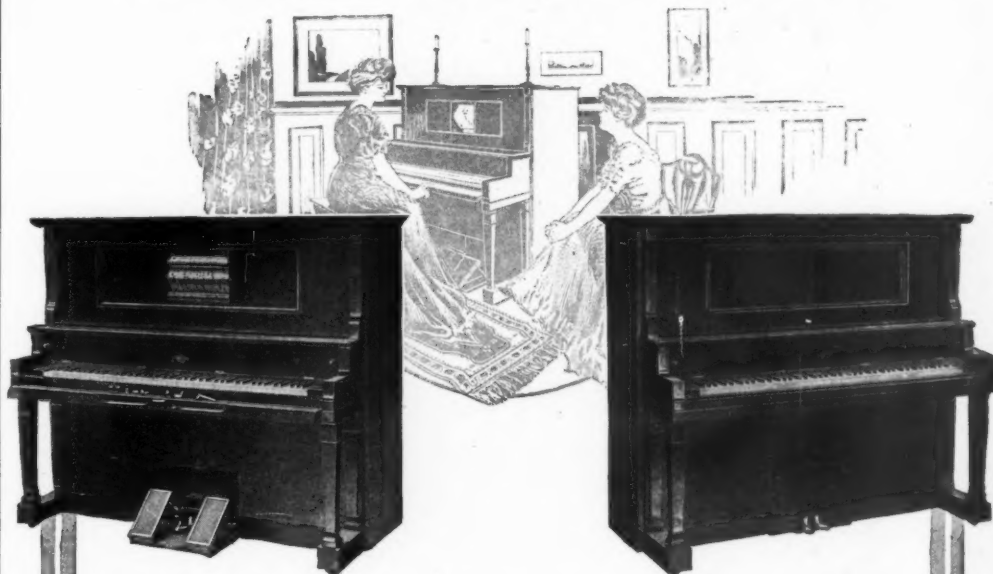
"It does you credit, sir, to have kept it there so long."—*Cleveland Leader*.



THE SONNY SIDE

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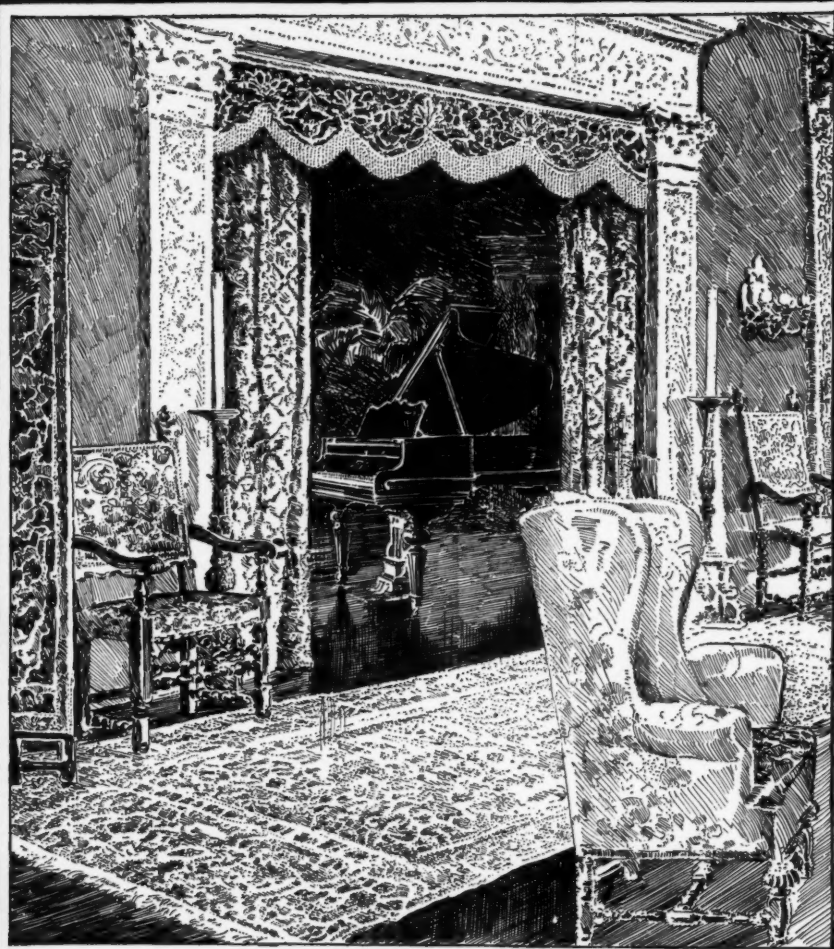


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Ballade of the Mistletoe

CHRISTMAS EVE! and shadows gray
Hide the windows of the west
Where the antic elves of day
Cheerily have gone to rest;
They have pranked, with perk and jest,
In the shine and in the snow;
Dreams now crown their happy quest—
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe.

Christmas Eve! and frolics gay—
Madcap jollities—attest
Other jocund folk than they
Deem this night the merriest;
Lad and lass, with buoyant zest,
In the dance's to and fro
Hope for—softly 'tis confessed—
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe.

Christmas Eve!—to steal away
To a dimly curtained nest!
Kisses stolen!—who will say
Youth and Love are not the best
Gifts with which the Fates have blessed
Us poor mortals here below;
For we have, at our behest,
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe!

Envoy

Christmas Eve! Ah, welcome guest
From the bourn of long ago,
Bring this boon to every breast—
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe!

Clinton Scollard.

Christmas Suggestions

For Theodore Roosevelt

FINE printed on a vellum page,
And bound in leather Rooshian,
A copy of that paper sage,
The U. S. Constitution.

For W. J. Bryan

An issue new that he can keep—
Let's rivet it and pipe it
Down in some vault, secure and deep,
Where Teddy cannot swipe it.

For Our Senators

For Tommy Platt and C. Depew
Two places new and shiny—
Platt, Consul down at Timbuctoo,
And Chauncey out in Chiny.

For Andrew Carnegie

To help him in his noble scheme,
Lest he perchance shall miss it
Of dying poor—O wondrous dream—
A busting big deficit.

For John D. Rockefeller

A wig to cover up his head,
In color somewhat florid,
And in the front, a lively red,
A bang upon the forehead.

For Thomas W. Lawson

A phonograph filled up with gas—
By phrases paralyzing,
So he may into quiet pass
And rest his vocalizing.

For Harriman

No gaudy, gilded thing of worth,
Like Kaiser William's gorgeous throne,
But just one simple little earn
That he can really call his own.

Carlyle Smith.

Weak Woman Against Strong Man

MONDAY. HE (*of the iron will*):
No, my dear. Not to be considered
for a moment.

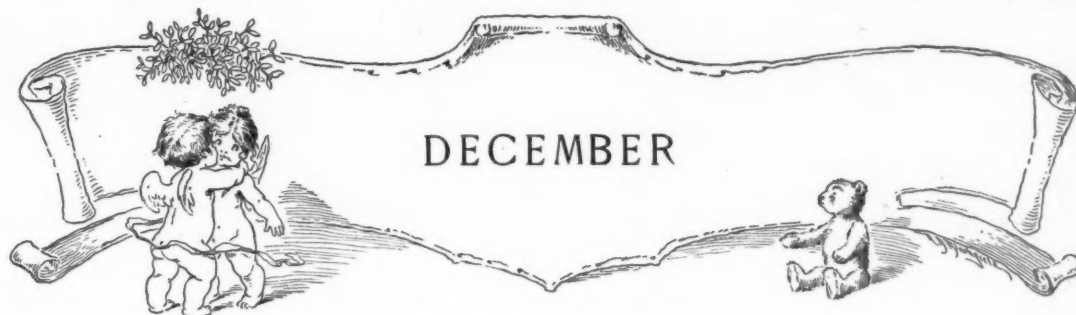
TUESDAY. HE: Most certainly we
will not. It is ridiculous, preposterous.

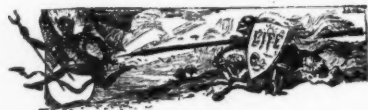
WEDNESDAY. HE: Why you must be
crazy. It's the most unreasonable thing
I ever heard of. It would bankrupt us, I
tell you. It is not to be thought of.

THURSDAY. HE: Haven't I told you
we cannot afford it! What is the use of
talking about a thing that is already
settled. Of course I would like to please
you, but it is simply out of the question.

FRIDAY. HE: How much did you say
that thing would cost?

SATURDAY. HE: Well, go ahead then.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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IT WAS an amusing squabble that befell last month over the new gold coins, with "In God We Trust" omitted from them. The motto is a good motto. No fairly sensible person objects to it, *per se*; but we suppose the President is right in thinking it out of place on the coins. At present it is on some of them but not on others; on the quarters and halves, but not on the dimes, nickels or cents. They tell us it was put on the coins in the despondent times of the Civil War. Pity it was, for if it had never been put on, there would not have been this fuss about taking it off. Nobody would have charged that we were growing materialistic and irreligious because we failed to stamp a religious sentiment upon our coins, whereas that charge is made when this motto which has been in use is taken off.

Well, it is all a tempest in a teapot. Having the motto on the coins, or leaving it off, is very much more a matter of taste than one of religion. We shall trust in God neither more nor less for what the coins say about it.

And this being the Christmas number of this paper, and Christmas being a religious holiday, it may not be out of place to point out that trusting in God is not a detail of attitude that need be expected at all times and under all conditions to bring us peace of mind or confidence in the future. The utmost that such trust implies is that we shall get our deserts, which may or may not be reassuring, and neither experience nor re-

ligion gives us assurance that we shall, individually, get even so much as that in this world. A nation may have more confidence about it, but not even a nation can be certain of anything more than that it will get what is coming to it.

So what the motto that is on or off the coins comes to, is an acknowledgment that while we hope to prosper if we are wise, and expect to suffer if we are foolish, the final issue of things is beyond us, in hands stronger than ours, and subject to an intelligence that is not in the least likely either to be upset by any ardors of our approval, or rattled by our criticisms, however harsh.

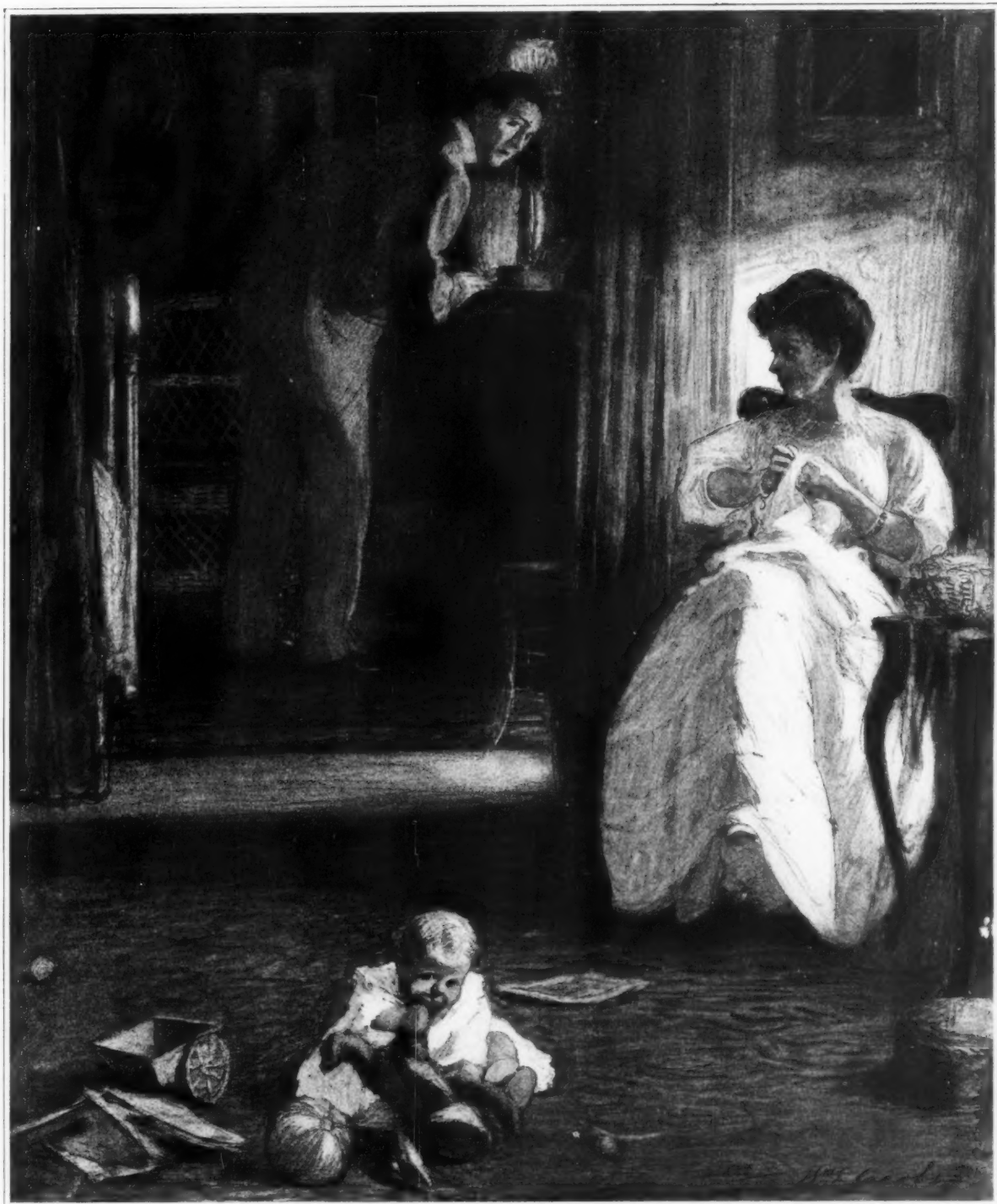
For better or worse there is a good deal of comfort in that thought—assorted comfort for assorted folks; fitting opposed opinions and antagonistic fears. Some of us find solace in the thought of there being something besides Congress, the Supreme Court and the Constitution between Theodore Roosevelt and our cherished liberties; others rejoice in feeling that there is something besides the President between us and the Trusts; and others still will sleep better at night for feeling that our fate and our future do not finally depend at the last appeal even on the will of the Voter. We have pretty nearly deified the Voter. He is the People, all of whom cannot be fooled all the time, and who are sure to be right in the long run. We believe they are usually about right in the long run, though the run at times is considerably protracted, but they do make a mighty funny god, and while, for our part, we are ready to trust in them a great deal, we like to have our confidence supplemented by trust in a Power that is not fooled any of the time, nor even has to have allowances made for its whimsies.



THE great point about living as a people up to the motto which still adorns so many of our coins, is that we should qualify ourselves, as far as we may, to do it intelligently and with peace of mind. If we dare to hope that we shall get our dues, it behooves us to make as sure as we can that our dues shall be satisfactory when we get them. History seems to be, for the most part, the record of the experiences of nations that petered

out. They got their deserts for the most part irrespective of the mottoes on their coinage, but they were not deserts that were satisfactory to take. It seems possible that the modern nations are doing somewhat better. Some of them have lasted well over a thousand years, and have seemed, according to our notions, to make fairly continuous progress, and they still show a hopeful degree of vitality and onwardness. There are folks—a good many of them—who think that the nations' chances of finding their deserts palatable when they got them were vastly improved by the occurrence of which Christmas is the anniversary, and by the gradual diffusion throughout a large part of the world of the religion which proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to men. That our own permanence and happiness as a nation must hinge on our ability to conserve peace and promote good-will among men, is what nearly all sensible people nowadays believe. We expect to have foreign wars, but only wars to hold our own and defend it, and the need of even such wars as that we hope to avoid by conciliation and reasonableness of spirit. We look for no advantage from military conquest, for we covet no nation's land, and what trade we are entitled to or can win, we hope to win in peaceful commerce. Domestic wars between social groups or rival political parties we hope to avoid by enforcing wise laws and dispensing a decent measure of justice between man and man. We hope to avoid internal revolution by leaving to discontent no reasonable grounds on which revolution can be fomented, and by maintaining such a degree of intelligence in our population that unreasonable grounds for revolution will not attract a following.

These are fairly ambitious hopes, and it becomes every one of us who indulges them to take habitual pains, day in and day out, to make them come true. What promotes good-will among men is simply honest living, and recognition of the truth that we are all members of one body, and that every member is inextricably concerned not only with the health of the body, but with the welfare of the other members. If enough of the members deal fairly with one another, the body thrives and they with it. If too many of them prey on one another, the body languishes and in the end they will languish, too, or their children that come after them.



"ISABEL, I CAN'T FIND MY KEYS ANYWHERE. I WISH YOU'D JUST FEEL IN BABY'S MOUTH."

The Law of Unnatural Selection



THE editor of the *Consolidated Magazine* sat back in his office chair and viewed his young assistant, who had recently been appointed to the place because his mother was an old flame of the president of the publishing house.

"Now, Mr. Youngun," said the editor, "it is no surprise to me that you have made these mistakes. It takes time and experience to cultivate one's judgment to the point where it can be trusted to select fiction for a high-class magazine with millions of readers. There are tricks in all trades, and ours is no exception. The first requisite of a good short story is that it be true to current conditions. Now, this one"—and the editor picked a manuscript from the pile on his desk and read the title—"is quite an interesting tale, but it is utterly impossible."

"Well, Mr. Oldbird," interrupted the assistant, "it struck me as unusually lifelike—a good picture of things as they are among the people upon whom we depend for our circulation."

"That shows how unsophisticated you are and what a lot you have to learn," replied the chief. "The characters in this story are absolutely unthinkable in a high-class magazine. Take the hero, for instance. The author has called him a New Yorker, and yet there is not a word about his bachelor apartments, and not on a single page does he sit in his club window and watch the procession of fashion go by. Plainly, he is so disreputable as to live at home. He cannot be tolerated."

The editor picked up another manuscript. "This one," said he, "opens in a bachelor apartment, but the chief character is evidently not of the elect. Not once does he call his

man to light a fire in the grate that he may burn her love letters. The author doesn't know his business. We cannot consider his stuff."

As the editor picked up another manuscript the assistant's face brightened. "That's a good one," said Youngun, enthusiastically. "It is about a young fellow struggling to win business success and a girl at the same time—the kind, you know, that is so popular nowadays."

The editor smiled indulgently: "Never do, never do," said he, as he shook his head. "Plot is excellent, but the characters are unmentionable. The chap who is the main figure may have been respectable enough, but how are we to know it? The author sets him down in a business house and never says a word about his having been stroke on his college crew or captain of the eleven. What kind of drawings could an illustrator make for a story of that kind? How could such a hero be put into tennis flannels? And as for his business—how do we know what it was? There isn't a hint about his being in The Street, and the author doesn't even make him an engineer planning a new transcontinental railway. We don't know of any other kind of business, you know. We must draw the line somewhere or the magazine would soon become as common as the people who buy it."

The assistant was getting wise. "I understand," said he. "In the future I will know how to judge a New York story. But that next one certainly will do. Its scene is not laid in the city, and it deals with a type of people who must be recognized by our readers throughout the country. Our city circulation is, after all, only a small part of our business."

Again the editor smiled his patronizing indulgence on the young man. "Don't you know," said he, "that there are no people west of Newark—not until you get to the Rocky Mountains, and out there they all wear sombreros and shooting-irons. We can stand an occasional story about that class—if the dialect is sufficiently unintelligible."

"I see," said Mr. Youngun; "your rules of selection are, after all, very simple. Once a person has learned them there is really no excuse for making a mistake."

And the editor has had no occasion to question the judgment of his assistant since.

Frederick Forbes.

Moments of History

SHYLOCK was about to take the pound of flesh, when Portia, having on a blue crêpe de chine, with passementerie trimmings and plaited ruffles on the skirt, stepped forward.

"It seems," she said, exultantly, flourishing the front page of the morning paper, "that you are a member of the beef trust."

Whereupon the common people groaned and led him off to the ice-house.

A Postponement

"WELL, Bobbie, do you like your new Sunday-school?"

"I can tell better when I find out what they give you for being good."



IRRESISTIBLE BAIT

Officer O'Toole: LOOK AT THAT, NOW! IF OI CUD PUT THIM ON A HOOK AN' LOINE, OI CUD CATCH IVERY CROOK IN THE CITY.

"IN YORK"



A LITTLE ESKIMO'S PRESENCE OF MIND



The Wilmerding Home

Scene: Mrs. Nelson's parlor, a cosy, homelike room, simply furnished. Enter Mrs. De Grey, in elaborate visiting gown, heavily perfumed.

"**H**OW do you do? I've been coming to see you for ages; but" (sighing) "I've been too busy for anything except calls of absolute duty. Mr. De Grey says my charities are enough to wear out any woman; but I tell him we must sacrifice ourselves for others," (sighing) "and I try to bear up cheerfully.

"I'm here this afternoon really on business. I've just got mother nicely settled at the Home, and it is such a relief! You see, Christmas being so near, with its thousand and one cares and worries, I thought the sooner she went the better. We shall entertain a good deal during the holidays, and mother'll be happier where it is more quiet. . . .

"Well, no; she didn't exactly want to go at first; but we knew it was the best thing for her, and now she's there.

"There's another vacancy, made by the death of old Miss Bronson last week, and that is what brought me here to-day. I happened to think of your mother, and what you said about being more confined at home because of her not being very well, and it occurred to me that right here was your opportunity. It is such a lovely place, just the thing for old people—so quiet and charming!

"You don't! Why, I am surprised! I thought you'd jump at the chance. There isn't a vacancy at the Wilmerding every day. There are only thirty-five old ladies admitted, and that makes it more select. Still, I advised mother to be a little careful about forming acquaintances—you know old folks haven't always the wisdom of younger people. Mother doesn't stand on her dignity as I wish she did. She let our servants run over her. I told her she'd spoil them. Of course, they adore her. Why, actually, in their eagerness to please her they have interfered with my household arrangements!

"You'd miss your mother? Certainly. So shall we. She did so many things for the children. She has always taken



upon herself the family mending, and she was afraid I wouldn't get it done to suit me; so she is going to keep on with that. She will have plenty of time. The inmates don't have much housework to do, only wiping dishes and setting tables and making beds and dusting, and the like. Of course, I shall make it my business to go down there once a week—or some of the children, if I can get them started. It is a pretty long walk, and the trolley doesn't run near enough to make it of use to ride. . . .

"Yes, the locality is rather lonely; but the old ladies are company for one another. And, you know, they can have their friends come to see them on Wednesdays. . . . Yes, they are allowed to go out when they please, except evenings. They must be in by seven. That's another good thing, they are obliged to keep regular hours. Mother always would attend the midweek church meetings, and she wanted to go



to all the sociables—think of it! I don't believe the night air is good for her, and I'm glad she will have to stay in the house. Oh, she is so much better off there! It is an unspeakable pleasure to realize that whatever comes she will be taken care of for the rest of her life! It is so delightful at the Wilmerding. They have just bought a new rug for the dining-room—it is a beauty. The inmates ought to be thankful for such rugs to walk on. . . .

"Well, I'm sorry that my efforts in your behalf have all been in vain. . . . Oh, don't speak of thanks! I am more than glad to serve any one. But I must hasten on, there are so many things claiming my attention." (Rises.) "Do come and see me! Bring your mother, too! I love old ladies! I should have asked for her at once if it hadn't been for the peculiar nature of my business to-day.

"Well, really, Mrs. Nelson, I think you are very foolish to let this chance slip. There may not be another death there for a long time, and when you are ready to send your mother there will be no place. . . . You won't send her at all? Why, you don't seem to consider her happiness. We mustn't be selfish, you know." (Smiling.) "We ought to give our mothers the best of everything.

"Well, if you should come to a different decision after talking it over with your husband, let me know, and I shall be only too happy to use my influence with the trustees. Good-by."

Emma C. Dowd.

Must Wait

SEE the man. Oh, see how many bundles he is holding! Four in his right hand, and six in his left, to say nothing of several stuck under each arm.

And see the lovely lady at his side. Yes, she is his wife. Otherwise she would have permitted the merchants to send the packages home for her.

Let us edge a little closer and hear what she is saying to her husband; no doubt she is thanking him for his courtesy in carrying the result of her shopping tour. Listen!

"My dear," she is saying. How affectionate! How cheering to the husband! "My dear, you have a speck of soot on your nose."

Observe his helpless look; nay, almost it is anger. But see, the flush of passing wrath fades from his face and with a loving smile he replies:

"Well, if there weren't so many people about to be curious over my actions, I would try to brush the speck off with my foot, but as it is I guess I'll have to leave it on my nose until I get home."

Isn't he the horrid thing? She thinks so, too.

Method

"BESSIE, what are you handling all that candy for?" "Because, mamma, you told me I must eat only the pieces I had touched with my fingers."



WHAT PA SAID WHEN HE PAPERED THE CEILING



Our Christmas Greeting in Acrostic

Compiled from the Sayings of Theodore Roosevelt by Agnes Deans Cameron

ALL of us stumble many times during a lifetime, and the duty of a man to his neighbor is to help him to his feet so he may help himself.

MOST vividly we must recognize the falsity of the belief that any one of us is to be permanently benefited by the hurt of another.

EACH man has got to at least pull his own weight, and if he is worth his salt he will pull a little more.

REST and peace are good things—are great blessings, but only if they come honorably.

RESOLUTE to do our duty well and manfully, resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word, let us boldly face life.

YOUR good laws will do something, but the best law can never do more than let a man work out his own salvation.

CAPACITY for work is absolutely necessary, and no man can be said to live in the true sense of the word if he does not work.

HONESTY and courage are not enough—you must have common sense.

ROUGH, vigorous pastimes are excellent things for the nation, for they promote manliness.

IHOPE to see all our people develop the softer, gentler virtues to an ever-increasing degree, but I hope never to see them lose the sterner virtues that make men men.

SO all of us look forward to the day when there shall be a nearer approximation than there has ever yet been to the brotherhood of man and the peace of the world.

THE law of worthy work well done is the law of successful American life.

MORE than aught else, we need for our citizenship character—character into which shall enter honesty, courage, and the saving grace of common sense.

ALWAYS stop to consider the rights of others before standing up for your own.

SO, indissolubly is the true welfare of the nation bound up with the welfare of the farmer and the wage-worker, of the man who tills the soil, and of the mechanic, the handicraftsman and the laborer.

FOR the individual and for the community, the simple life is normally the healthy life.

REALIZE that there is but one safe rule to follow in public life as in private life, and that is the old, old rule of treating your neighbor as you would like your neighbor to treat you—the old rule of decency, of honesty, of square dealing as between man and man.

OUR society rests upon the man with the dinner-pail.

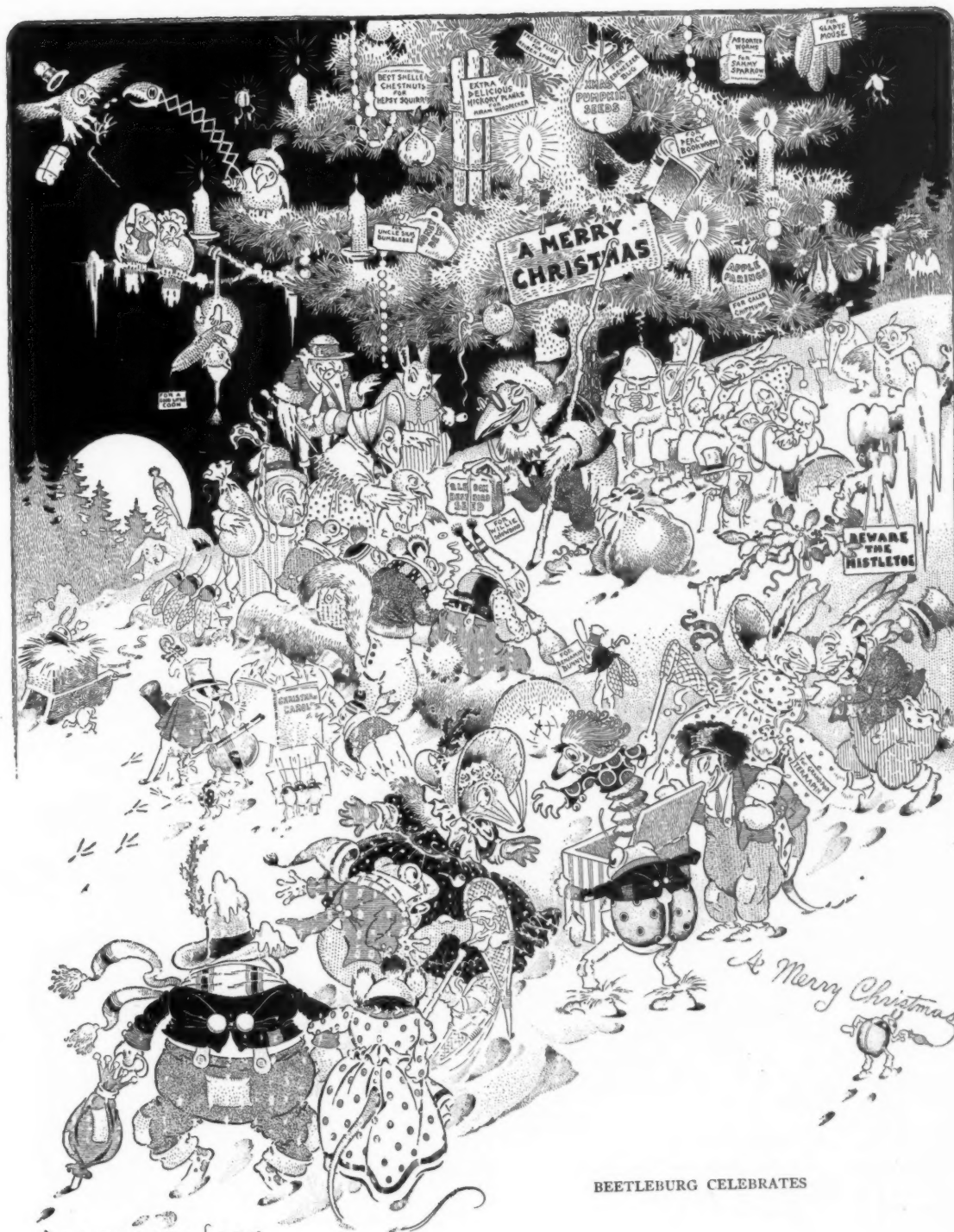
MERE life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life.

LET every man be sure he is in the right and then let him stand squarely in the path. If there is any moving to be done, let the other fellow do it.

IDESPISE the man who will not work—he is not worth envying no matter at which end of the social scale he is.

FORCES which make the farm-bred boys leaders of men are still at work in our country districts.

EACH at times stumbles and halts—each needs the helping hand outstretched to him.



BEETLEBURG CELEBRATES

Musical



THE opera is again with us and it is good to know, through the *New York Times*, that on the opening night

The Duchess of Marlborough, who made her first appearance at the Metropolitan since her marriage, and was in the box of her father, W. K. Vanderbilt, wore a white satin robe with point lace flounce sleeves nearly to the elbows, with bands of silver spangles going over the shoulders. She wore a round diamond tiara and a necklace of diamonds.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., was in black velvet and diamonds.

Also that

Mrs. M. Orme Wilson was in mauve satin and spangled tulle, and wore her wonderful rubies.

Mrs. Perry Belmont was in mauve velvet, with silver lace sleeves.

Mrs. William D. Sloane wore pale mauve satin, veiled with white lace spangled in silver and pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. James A. Burden, who was with Mrs. Sloane, was in a rich blue satin with silvered lace, and had a diamond bird in her hair.

We are a simple, honest people, but we do love music.

"WHAT became of all the buds who were here last year?"

"Some have grown into bachelor's-buttons, and some into wall-flowers."

Among the Dramatic Critics

MR. WILLIE SUMMERS, late dramatic critic of the *Saskatchewan Gazette*, has taken up farming this winter. Owing to his having intimated that Colonel Mulligrubs, of the Opera House, was a Seven-Day-Baptist, the courts have permanently enjoined him from the practice of his profession.

John Gobwell, of the *Eldora Banner*, who was recently sent to the penitentiary for two years for calling Bill Wiggles, manager of the Music Hall, a Christian Scientist, is writing his reminiscences of Patti's farewells, of which he has attended seventeen, for the prison paper.

Now that the courts have decided that religion and the drama are not to be mentioned in the same breath, under penalty of excommunication, the publishers of the *Daily Telegraph* will probably suspend its chatty department, "What's Doing in the Churches," and refuse to receive all religious advertisements.

The *Indiana Bugle-Democrat* has printed a double-leaded apology for the outrageous attack of its dramatic department upon the manager of the Spilton Lyceum, and has done it handsomely. "Mr. Dubbs," it says, "is not only not a Presbyterian, as we charged, but has no religious faith whatever. We are glad to make this amende to our esteemed fellow-citizen."

Acting Ravies, of the *Billville Bun*, is to be tried at the next session of the County Court for *lese majeste*. The proof is unfortunately clear that forgetting the sacrosanctity of the managerial profession, he addressed them in print as "Gentlemen of the Jewry."

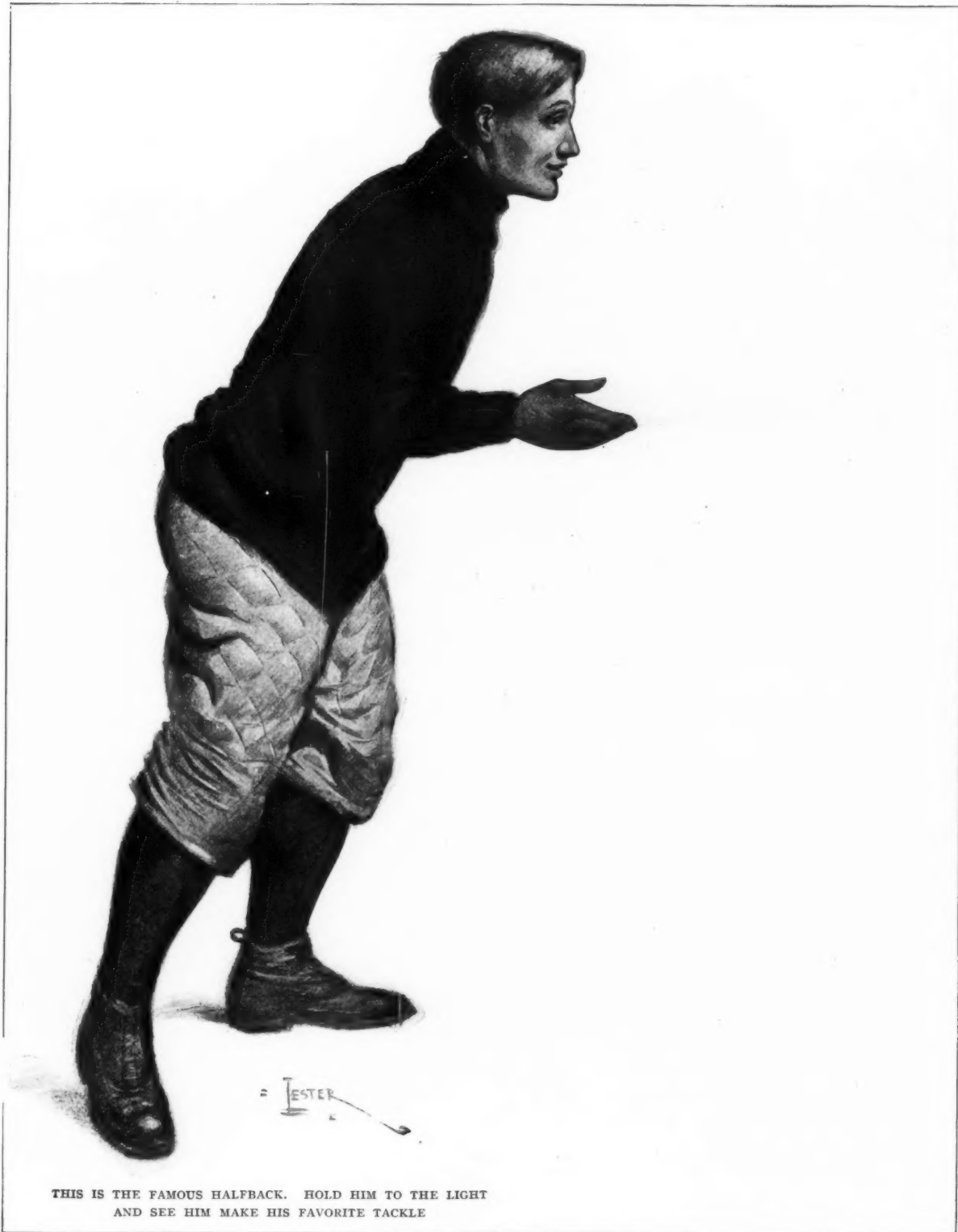
A Political Question

BOLIVAR; Well, I see that Tammany nominated a straight ticket.

DOLLIVER: H'm! Well, about how long do you think it will keep straight?



A HOLD-UP IN THE "STREET"



THIS IS THE FAMOUS HALFBACK. HOLD HIM TO THE LIGHT
 AND SEE HIM MAKE HIS FAVORITE TACKLE



The Iconoclasts



IT WOULD be difficult to imagine a more utterly cheerless place than a metropolitan club on Christmas morning.

As a rule, such a place is deserted. The blinds in the reading-room have not yet been thrown open. Scarcely a servant is visible. And in the dim morning half light it is as if the ghosts of all the midnight voices of the past with their fingers on their bloodless lips sat solemnly, enjoining upon the very atmosphere of the place a pervading melancholy.

On this particular Christmas morning, however, and at this particular club, a certain gentleman was eating his breakfast. This gentleman—one Samuel Peters by name—was indeed a sort of club fixture. In his business he was a prosperous broker. In his life he was a lonely—and somewhat crabbed—bachelor. He was used to living by himself. He rather liked it. His stomach being his most precious possession, he was thus enabled to control its imports absolutely, without any feminine interference.

While he was engaged in gingerly eating his breakfast, the outside door was heard to open, and much to the surprise of Mr. Samuel Peters, another man entered the room. Mr. Peters immediately recognized him, not only as being a life-long friend, but as one who had shared with him a large part of his boyhood in the little New England village where they both had been born.

"Hello, Sidney," said Peters, "what are you doing here at this time of day?"

Mr. Sidney Shaler came in and sat down at the other side of his friend's table.

"You'd never guess," he replied, as he picked up the breakfast card, threw it down, and proceeded to write out his order from a very accurate memory of just what were the best club dishes.

Then he looked at his friend and smiled.

"Sam," he said, "do you remember the time when we were boys?"

"I often think of it," said Mr. Peters.

"Do you remember the Christmas dinners we had?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Do you remember those pumpkin pies?"

"Do I! Nothing like them now."

"And the cranberry sauce?"

"Wonderful!"

"Can't your mind go back instantly to the whole string of things, cooked in God's own country, in a way that must make your mouth water even now?"

"I can, indeed I can."

"Well, Sam, the other day I got to thinking about it, about the things I had to eat when I was a boy, the buckwheat cakes, the apple sauce, the wonderful pastry, until a great longing came over me to duplicate it. Sam, I'm going to do this."

Mr. Peters rose half out of his seat.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"Well, you know I always kept the old homestead, as a heirloom. So the other day I sent up to Sarah Waters—you know Sarah, the daughter of Abbey Waters, who used to cook for us—and told her to open up the place and get up a bang-up Christmas dinner, just the kind you and I ate as boys together."

"Do I remember Abbey Waters?" repeated Mr. Peters, enthusiastically, rubbing his white hands together. "I should say I did. What a fine idea. And you are going?"

"On the ten o'clock train. And, what is more, I want you to go with me. Don't know why I didn't think of it before. Can you arrange it?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Peters, whose time was his own, and yet who would have allowed nothing to disturb him except the prospect of a good dinner.

In an hour the two friends were seated in the train bound for Oakville. In two hours more they had alighted at the weatherbeaten station, and were making their way toward the old Shaler homestead in the village hack. And in another

hour they were sitting before a blazing open fire, toasting their toes.

"If you lived in this house all the time," said Mr. Peters, reflectively, as he got up and turned his back to the fire, while he shivered slightly, "you'd have to put a furnace in this house."

"That's right," replied Mr. Shaler, following his friend's example.

The door opened and Miss Waters, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, came in.

"Dinner's all ready," she said, impressively.

The two old epicures silently followed her into the dining-room. Already there was between them a slight feeling of embarrassment—though why, perhaps they would not have been able to tell.

"You sit near the fire, Sidney," said Mr. Peters.

"No, sir. I'm not going to let you get cold," replied Mr. Shaler, with the responsibility of a host. "You sit there."

After some discussion, the soup—an original idea of Miss Waters, and intended to be a surprise—was brought in. Narcissus, had he gazed into the glistening liquid, would have had no difficulty



"I HEARTILY APPROVE OF THE S. P. C. A., AND YET MY DUTY AS A PROVIDER FOR MY OFFSPRING IS CLEAR."

in detecting his own image, reflected from its oleaginous surface.

Both gentlemen took up their soup-spoons. Both gentlemen tasted.

"I never did care much for soup," said Mr. Shaler.

"Nor I," said Mr. Peters.

Miss Waters's face fell.

"Awful sorry, Sarah," said Mr. Shaler.

"It will do you good," persisted Miss Waters, anxiously. "It'll warm you up."

Both gentlemen looked at each other. In the face of what they were already beginning to regard as a common enemy they had come to a sort of unarticulated understanding. Each felt sure in his heart—and in his stomach—that that soup was in too unskimmed a condition to digest.

"We'll save up for the rest," said Mr. Shaler, pushing his plate away.

"Yes, we will," said Mr. Peters, doing the same.

Miss Waters bustled about. Presently she brought in a piebald turkey, almost black in spots where it had been liberally basted and pale in depressions where it hadn't been.

Following this came an array of vegetables on plain white dishes with nicked edges. Most of them bore that fatal prison palor which betrayed the fact that they had served their time in tin cans.

Mr. Shaler got up to carve, while Miss Waters disappeared into the kitchen.

After awhile Mr. Shaler turned to his guest.

"Sam," he said, solemnly, "I'll bet a bottle of wine this is one of the toughest turkeys God ever made."

Mr. Peters lowered his voice in reply.

"It might be better," he whispered; "but the blamed thing isn't cooked properly. It's the stove—you see there's no uniform heat in it."

"It's the same stove that was in the house when we were boys."

"I don't care. That's the trouble."

"Well, never mind. I'm looking forward to that pumpkin pie, anyway."

"You gentlemen," said Miss Waters, fifteen minutes later, as she removed the turkey and the vegetables, "ain't got the appetites of sparrows."

Then she brought on the pumpkin pie and the coffee-pot.

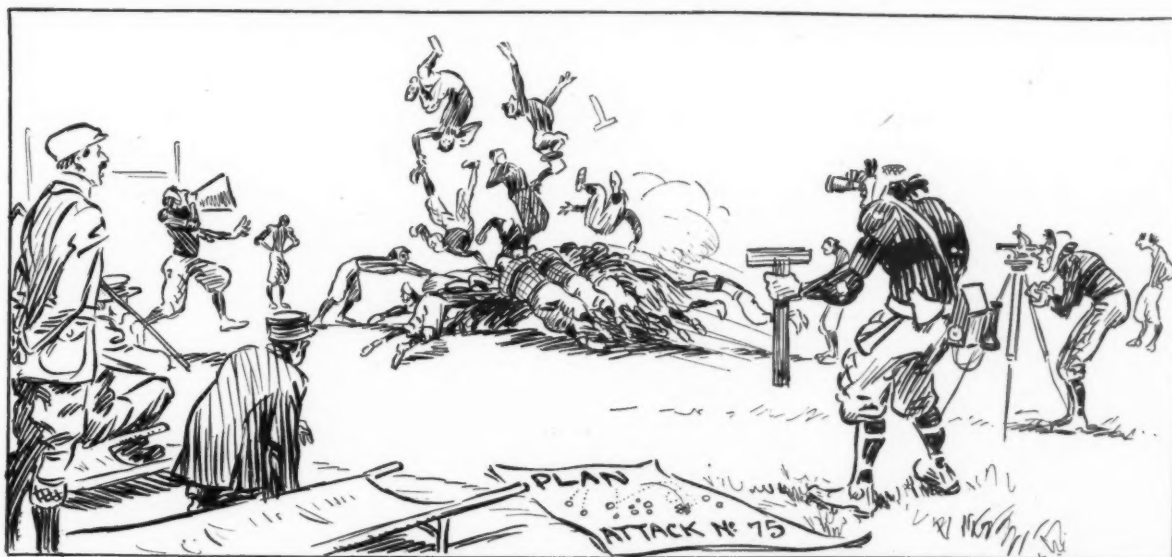
Mr. Shaler cut two large pieces—with some difficulty.

As Miss Waters disappeared again he said impressively to Mr. Peters:

"Sam, can you eat this pie?"



SANTA JEKYLL, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, AND
SANTA HYDE, THE GROWN-UP'S SAINT



IF THIS IS THE BRITISH IDEA OF OUR WINTER GAME, PERHAPS—

Mr. Peters smiled feebly.

"Sidney," he replied, "I can, but I won't. I value my life too highly. And as for the coffee"—

Mr. Shaler leaned over and grabbed him by the arm.

"Have you got a time-table?" he asked.

* * *

That evening the two friends sat once

more in the club, between them a bottle of Chateau Yquem, while they puffed solemnly on long, thin cigars, the delicate flavor of which filled the room like a soft incense.

"Sam," said Mr. Shaler, impressively, "I'm sorry it happened, aren't you?"

Mr. Peters did not immediately reply. He sat for some time in silence.

"Yes, Sidney," he said, at last, "I am. And it isn't altogether because it is going to take me a week to get my stomach back into its proper condition either. But it's because one of my most cherished illusions has been shattered. And at our time of life we need 'em all—we need 'em all."

Chesterton Todd.



HAMILTON WILLIAMS.

THIS IS THE YANKEE CONCEPTION OF THEIRS

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THE SANTA CLAUS



A RUN ON THE SANTA CLA

The Old Familiar Jokelets

(With the usual apologies to the heirs, administrators and assigns of Charles Lamb, deceased.)

I HAVE had standbys, I have written verses
On the theme of Christmas, on the joyous Yuletide;
All, all are gone, the old familiar jokelets.

Dead as a barrel full of perished doornails,
Stale as a yesterevening sporting extra;
All, all are gone, the old familiar jokelets.

Dead is the joke about the knitted slipper,
Dead is the jest on Santa Claus's whiskers;
All, all are dead, the old familiar jokelets.

Gone is the quip about the wifely necktie,
Gone is the laugh on ladies buying see-gars;
Dead as free silver are the old familiar jokelets.

Vanished the joke on pianos in a stocking,
Vanished the scream of presents undesired,
Vanished the sparkle of the old familiar jokelets.

Parodies galore of the night preceding Christmas,
Jokes about writing Christmas stuff in August;
All, all are gone, the old familiar jokelets.

So, in an age of matters pessimistic,
Let us rejoice—ay, let us offer thanks that
All, all are gone, the old familiar jokelets.

Franklin P. Adams.

Our Sunday-School Christmas Celebration

THERE was an unusual attendance at the Sunday-school Christmas Eve celebration this year.

The Christmas tree was beautiful, being trimmed with Inter-Met. bonds by little Tommy Ryan and Theodore Shonts. It was lighted with Subway electric lights.

All the little boys and girls were present. The best boy in the school during the year was little Pierpont Morgan. He was presented with a floral cornucopia filled with City 6's, as being the most generous and self-denying scholar.

Little Andy Carnegie had to be suppressed early in the evening. He was caught hooking things off the tree. In so young a child, however, it was not held against him, as his character has as yet hardly had time to develop morally.

Little Eddy Harriman, dressed in a striped suit, came with his friend Charlie Morse. Eddy got a new tin railroad, and Charlie a new savings bank. Both were highly delighted with their toys.

Bill Taft took the part of Santa Claus, and handed out Teddybears to all.

Georgie Cortelyou was elected superintendent for next year. He is very young yet, but it is thought that he will be able to keep the unruly boys in order.

Life's Sorrows

BOB (to Bessie): It seems rather strange, Bessie, that when I didn't want to kiss you you didn't mind, but now that you are old enough to make me want to, you won't let me.



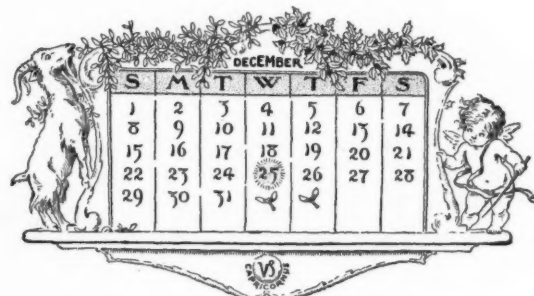
HARRIS (ADY)

Mr. Owl: GEE! HEPSY, I HOPE SANTA CLAUS STARTS AT OUR END OF THE LINE. THE SIZE OF THE STORK BROTHERS' STOCKINGS IS SIMPLY OUTRAGEOUS.

To This Have We Come

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER (sadly, to the shade of Lincoln): And to think that both of those trust companies were named after us!

IT'S a poor mule that doesn't work both ways.



An Episode in the Reign of King Pierpont

KING PIERPONT, on his golden throne,
Was drowsing, one fine day,
While little Trusts about his feet
Were occupied with play.

King Pierpont loafed as kings are wont
With nothing else to do,
And on his golden throne he yawned
And longed for something new.

When suddenly young Wall Street bold,
That gamin full of sin,
Stole up and slyly pricked each Trust
With that slight thing—a pin.

Each little Trust raised up a howl
Which echoed through the court.
At first the courtiers laughed in glee,
They thought it was such sport.

Alas! In sudden, darting pain
The Trusts flew out of doors.
A Teddybear who lingered near
Threw fits and roared big roars.

Each subject, then, who heard the noise
Took fright. He also ran.
The shock throughout the kingdom thrilled
And chaos quick began.

Now Wall Street, though a spoiled child,
Was Pierpont's favorite boy;
The King regarded him with mild
Paternalistic joy.

And all the more was this fact so,
As maybe you've surmised,
Because so nervous was the kid,
And highly organized.

The trick he played so frightened him
He shivered all inside;
Strange fits he threw at his own work—
With fright he might have died.

Thus all the subjects far and near
Turned pale and 'gan to fret.
They feared the worst. Their faces blanched
At thought of Pierpont's pet.

King Pierpont, also, was alarmed,
He saw the truth, he did:
The country's fate hung by a thread—
The life of that small kid

Who now, with quick convulsions seized,
Was like to breathe his last.
King Pierpont from his throne jumped
down,
His words flew thick and fast.

"Quick, slaves!" he cried. In thunderous tones
His mandates from him rolled.
"No liquids now will save this child—
Bring up my gold, my gold!"

He held the dying boy in arms
And straightway did he pour
The golden dollars down his throat—
Then more, and millions more!

* * *

Next day the little Trusts came back,
The kingdom ceased to fret,
And all because King Pierpont knew
The way to save his pet.

The Joys of Censorship

ENGLISH playwrights and English theatre-goers are once more protesting against the limitations imposed by Mr. Redford, the official censor of the English stage. Once more an unruly public is trying to escape from leading-strings. Mr. Edward Garnett, whose play, "The Breaking Point," was prohibited by the censor, after being accepted by Mr. Frederick Harrison for the Haymarket, has precipitated the row by publishing his drama, and asking hotly if it could bring a blush to any young person's cheek. Mr. Harrison is equally indignant that a play chosen—so he says—for its artistic, and not for its money-making qualities, and upon which he was ready to take all a manager's risks, should have been condemned as immoral. And Mr. Redford is not at all pleased with Mr. Garnett for making such an outcry over the matter. As he feelingly observes: "The Licensor has no official cognizance of authors as such"; and he had "hoped to avoid any possible appearance of censure on any one by suggesting privately to Mr. Harrison the desirability of withdrawing the piece." Mr. Garnett's refusal to consider himself as non-existent and his rejection of the private and decent burial which was offered to his unfortunate play, seem to Mr. Redford to be in the worst possible taste.

Meanwhile, the press has taken the matter up, with many bitter comments upon censorship in general, and upon Mr. Redford in particular. The *English Nation* asks on what principle of selection Ibsen and Maeterlinck are banished from the stage, and Mr. Hall Caine's lamentable "Christian" is permitted to offend the good sense and refinement of

the public. The *Daily Mail* points out with acrimony that "Irene Wycherley," now being acted at the Kingsway, "contains passages of a character which we do not feel called upon to describe or criticize." Altogether, the most approved method of censoring Mr. Redford for prohibiting one play is to demand why on earth he has not prohibited half a dozen more.

It is hard not to sympathize with an official whose duties are so onerous and so unpopular. Mr. Redford cannot enjoy reading plays; breaking stones or picking oakum would be preferable as an occupation; and unless a man be a born dictator, ready and eager—like Mr. Roosevelt—to decide all things for everybody, it must be keenly disagreeable to shoulder the moral responsibilities of playgoers. With one-half of the public mocking at his propriety and the other half scandalized by his laxity, the censor's life is not a happy one. *Agnes Repplier.*

TOMLINSON, who has heard how Roosevelt produced the panic, until he is fully convinced, wonders now how Noah ever brought on the flood without Roosevelt's help.



"DEAREST, WILL YOU BE MINE?"
"YES! YES!—ER—IS IT YOU, GEORGE?"



"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

HOME À LA ROOSEVELT

Look Out, Reverend Rabbi!

THE Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise in his talk at the Free Synagogue yesterday morning said it made very little difference how we voted on Tuesday. We are not really to exercise the right of choice but to ratify the action, more or less wise, of one or the other of the party bosses. Rabbi Wise also said:

I believe in a Jewish vote—for one purpose and for one purpose alone—to encompass the defeat of an unworthy Jewish candidate for public office. The nomination of an unworthy Jew for public office is an attempt at wholesale bribery and should be vigorously rebuked by self-respecting Jewish citizens.—*New York Sun*.

Are you not aware, reverend sir, that a recent decision of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York decrees that to say that there are unworthy Jews, is to be guilty of "race bitterness and hatred?" Be careful, Rabbi Wise, or you may be officially stigmatized as a Jew-baiter.

The Cream Gone

"THIS is a great time for burglars, isn't it? People are hoarding their money so."

"Yes. Still burglars haven't half the chance the trust companies did."

Blood, Etc.

IT REALLY does look as if President Roosevelt made a mistake when he trod on the toes of the Rev. Dr. William J. Long. Among the recent utterances of the last-named gentleman are these:

It takes some nerve to catch a chicken and wring its neck, but the courage consists not of facing the danger but in overcoming your own heart's objection to the killing. I often have to hunt big animals for food when I am up north, but I never heard anybody but Mr. Roosevelt brag of its heroism.

As a matter of fact, this chasing a timid animal with a pack of dogs and then shooting him from a safe distance when he can't do a thing to save or defend himself is pure brutal cowardice.

Stating the Case

"OH!" cries Miss. Minn., "Wyo.?" I say.

"I'm very ill," says she, "And if my pain you would Ala.,

Run quick for an Md. This morning early I Ariz.—

Right Ga. of heart was I—

And made it my especial biz

To milk our Tenn. fat Ky.

Then, with the help of Cal. and Del.,

I did the Wash., and that

Was not a joke I Kan. you tell,

Indeed, it did Me. flat.

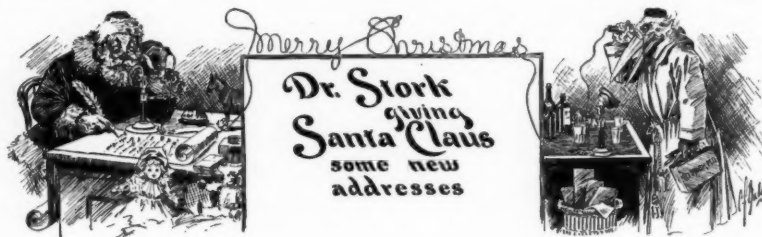
So when I found I must give Ore.,

Upon my bed I La.

Alas! I now am very sure

Such smartness does not Pa."

Elizabeth Hill.



Mother Goose to Date

I.

BYE Baby Bunting, Papa's gone a-hunting
Cash to pay the Groceries for the Baby's Christmas Tree.

II.

"Little boy, little boy, why do you weep?"
"Santa Claus came while I lay asleep,
Swiped all my socks, and my clothes on the
chair.
If he comes back I will soak him for fair."

III.

Wash me and curl me and set me to dry
That I may look pretty when Santa comes
by.
Dress me up stunningly in my red frock
So that he'll loosen up and give me an elec-
tric Landau, a gasoline Victoria, a
pearl necklace, eighteen diamond
rings for my right hand, twenty-four
assorted emerald and ruby rings for
my left, a hat direct from Paris,
thirteen evening gowns, a house on
upper Fifth Avenue and ten or
twelve million dollars' worth of
Standard Oil stock.

Ten Little Lovers

TEN little lovers, sighing, "Oh, be mine!"
One met a new girl, then there were
nine.

Nine little lovers, questioning their fate;
One saw her freckles, then there were eight.

Eight little lovers—one stayed till eleven;
Papa shouted down the stairs, then there
were seven.

Seven little lovers—by some artful tricks
A grass widow caught one, then there were
six.

Six little lovers—one, upon a drive,
Used both hands to drive with, then there
were five.

Five little lovers—one began to snore
When she sang a love song, then there were
four.

Four little lovers—on his bended knee
One was told 'twas hopeless, then there
were three.

Three little lovers came each week to woo;
One tried auto racing, then there were two.

Two little lovers—with a thought to stun,
She showed one her dress bills, then there was one.

One little lover—and the tale is done;
She was married to him, now there is none!



THE CRAYON PORTRAIT

"LOVE AND MERRY CHRISTMAS, FROM AUNT REBECCA"



A LETTER OF CONGRATULATION

"Dearest Nellie, I'm simply delighted to hear of your happiness."

An Affair of Honor

I DON'T know what possessed me to do it—or rather, I do know, for after all it is quite the one human trait common to all of us, this love of conquest, and when I saw the young chap head over ears in love with that girl, why then, somehow, I began to prick up my ears and take an interest in the situation.

I had been making love to all kinds of girls ever since I could remember. Oh, yes, I was familiar with the intricacies of the game. Now, just because I say this, please don't jump to the conclusion that I necessarily considered myself an expert.

A man may be an expert at anything else—nervous diseases, alfalfa, or flying-machines, but when it comes to making love to a girl, that's always a different matter. And I think I have had experience enough to be humble. So I don't mean it in that way. What I do mean is that it looked to me like an adventurous and exciting matter on this occasion to cut out the young chap.

He was awkward in his manner. There was nothing, indeed, that appeared to be cosmopolitan about him. His clothes did not fit. He had no suggestion of smartness. He was plain and homely and rugged. He appeared to be unfinished. He needed

to be turned on an emery wheel—no doubt of that. Quite a contrast, indeed, to the lovely creature she was. Nevertheless, he had an honest, if ungainly, appearance. There was a dormant, settled air of resolution about him, and he was evidently gone on her. Any one could see that. He hung about her constantly.

I was by no means too confident of myself. Sometimes the awkward creatures win by sheer force of brute strength. I saw one thing quite clearly, if her sympathy was excited for him it would be all over.

Even if he had made no progress at all (I heard from the clerk he had been there a week, while I had only just come), and I should appear to be trying to cut him out, should appear to put him at a disadvantage, that would count against me.

If he had only been my kind! Then it would have been easy. I've never yet seen the man in my class who could cut me out with any girl. But women are undoubtedly queer. Excite their sympathies elsewhere, and it's all over.

Of course this was only a precautionary method of reasoning

This story continued on page 690

A BRILLIANT YEAR OF THE CENTURY



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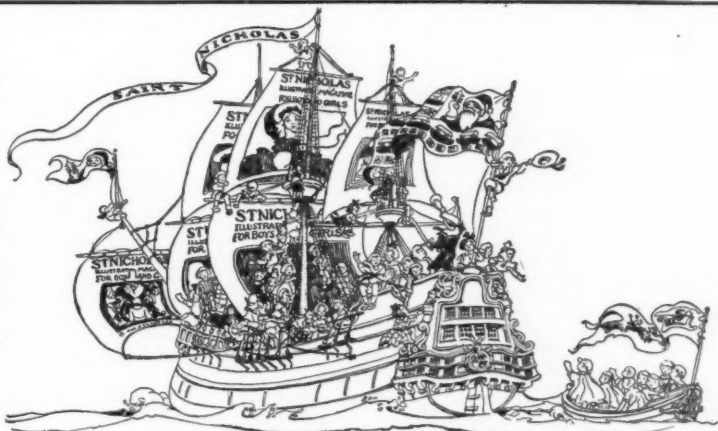
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on my part. Perhaps in this case there would be nothing to it. Perhaps, the moment I could get near enough to talk quietly to her, the hour we took a moonlight walk together, he would fade away. Perhaps she was just tolerating him until some one better came along.

But the wise man takes no chances. He considers all the possibilities of the game in advance.

Now, there are several ways to make love to a girl, several well-known "openings," as in chess.

First, there is the bluff, hearty center rush method in which you go right at her, and don't give her time to breathe until you are trying to put your arms twice around her. Your very impetuosity carries her right off her feet. She is yours before the bell rings for dinner.

Second, there is the indifferent method. You appear to be intensely occupied in everything else—but her. You are the soul of courtesy, so far as she is concerned. You are that beautiful creature known as a "perfect gentleman." You appear to think only of her comfort, not because she is herself, but because she is a woman. As you walk around and dust her chair, or see that she has the best seat in the straw ride, one can almost hear the clink of your knightly armor. But there is a kind of far-away look in your eye that suggests that noble, distant deeds are a part of your daily routine—when home. This method is very effective, provided you don't overtrain. For just at the right moment when you have her fastened in awe and admiration, then you must act quick. It's as delicate an operation, indeed, as knowing when to serve a welsh rabbit.

Third, there is the bashful method. Perfectly

at ease so long as others are present, the moment you are alone with her you become so self-conscious that it is a part of her bounden duty to help you along. This is not to imply that you are afraid. The moment a man shows any weakness with a girl, it's all over. You can hear the sundown gun, and the mantle of night falls on your fond dreams. But by the bashful method I mean that you betray your feverish love for her to such an extent that you become thoroughly rattled. This is a grand method, because it flatters her in addition to everything else. But, of course, it mustn't be carried too far. You might marry her some day—there is always that chance—and if you did, it would go hard with you afterwards.

After looking rapidly over the situation I concluded to adopt method number one, with a dash of number three.

She was a wonderfully pretty girl, and being the only one in the place of any consequence, and he being the only other apparently available man there, the affair was much simpler.

I started in at once.

"I hear," I said, after luncheon, as I caught her on the piazza, "there is a respectable lake. Would you care to go for a row?"

She looked at me puzzled.

"I have an engagement," she said.

"Break it," I suggested.

The young chap came up. He looked daggers at me.

"Shall we go for a walk in half an hour?" he asked.

She did not reply immediately.

"I hear there are some great walks about here,"

I said to the young chap, in the most friendly manner possible.

"Yes, there are," he retorted, savagely.

"I came up here to walk," I said, gently. "Nothing like it."

I saw the young chap was making a fatal mistake. He was showing his temper. She saw it also, which, of course, was just what I wanted.

I rose politely.

"Hope you will have a pleasant walk," I added, cheerily, as I started away.

"We might all go together," said the girl, which was exactly what I hoped and expected she would say. "I'm sure it would be very nice," she said, looking at the young chap.

"That's for you to say," he retorted.

"Thank you," I replied, "but, really"—I looked at the young chap as if I took a friendly interest in him—"that wouldn't be quite fair, you know. I'll stroll off by myself. Only"—I smiled pleasantly at him—"you must tell me where you are going, so that I won't go that way."

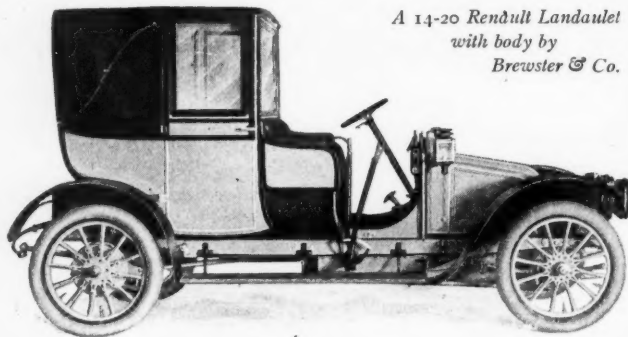
This was a pleasant way of saying that I recognized his prior claim, and also had resources of my own. Here, as you will observe, I drew slightly upon method number two.

Then he made another mistake. "We're going up the path to the falls," he said, eagerly, falling into the trap.

The girl elevated her delicious eyebrows, as I managed to catch her eye for an instant, as if quite by accident. She had altogether the loveliest complexion I ever saw. I felt already there was something between us.

This story continued on page 692

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with body by
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Broadway & 47th Street
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CARRIAGES &
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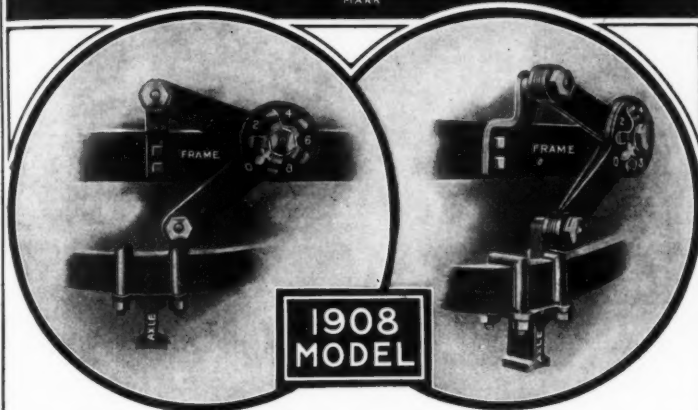
Automobile bodies of all styles, mounted on the best makes of chassis ready for delivery, or ready for mounting on your own chassis.

We also build bodies to order from special designs to meet individual needs.

The grade of workmanship and material cannot be equalled in this country or abroad.

All engine and body repairs done in minimum time by expert workmen only.

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"Renders Rough Road Relief"

The spring action of a car affects its smooth running qualities. Proper control of the springs prevents excessive oscillation which insures less wear and tear, longer life of tires, greater speed and genuine comfort.

This control of the springs can be secured only by the use of the Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorber. The device that makes cobblestones and rough roads seem like asphalt.

Write for Rough Road Booklet to Department D

HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO.

E. V. HARTFORD, Pres.

61 VESTRY STREET, NEW YORK



THE GIBSON CALENDAR. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has practically retired from the field of illustration and this may be the last of the celebrated calendars to bear his name. The 1908 edition comprises twelve of his best drawings and consists of twelve sheets and decorative front page, size 12½ x 15½ inches, tied with red silk cord and daintily boxed.

Price \$2.00 Each Postpaid

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York

The Advance
Favorite

CADILLAC

Model G

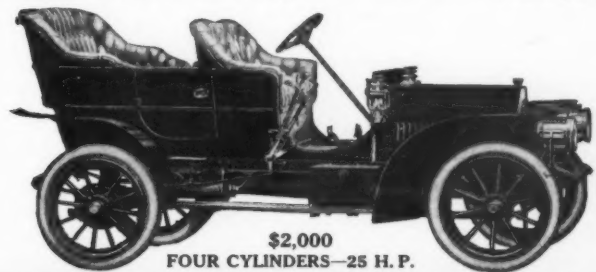
Every day of service adds emphasis to the fact that the chief difference between Cadillac Model G and cars of the most expensive types is in price, not performance. Time after time it has proven its superiority over competitors of double its cost and thrice its rated power. Let a demonstrator convince you by actual tests; then you will appreciate why Model G is the advance favorite for 1908. Speedy, silent, responsive, always dependable. Described in catalog GR.

Cadillac Model H, another luxurious four-cylinder touring car, is described in catalog HR. Thirty horse-power; 50 miles an hour; \$2,500.

The Truth About the Automobile and What It Costs to Maintain One

is the title of a 64-page booklet of actual facts and figures compiled from sworn statements of a large number of users of the sturdy single-cylinder Cadillacs. Get a free copy by asking for Booklet No. R. These smaller Cadillacs—Model S Runabout, \$850, and Model T Touring Car, \$1,000, are described in Catalog TR.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Member A. L. A. M., Detroit, Mich.



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and that soft, rich, smooth, mellowness that distinguishes

CASCADE PURE WHISKY

comes from the ripe, carefully selected grain—infinite care in distilling, absolute purity and proper aging.

Cascade is a genuine sour mash.

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers

NASHVILLE, TENN.

"Really," she said, looking gently at the young chap, "I haven't decided yet just where we shall go. Perhaps"—she smiled at me—"we shall meet after all."

"If we do," I replied, "I shall consider that Providence knows its business," and with this I walked away.

Now, I am an awful fool about some things. I had laid the foundation of a pretty quarrel—for I saw the young chap was mad with jealousy, and was bound to blunder, and yet as I made off, the only thing that disturbed me was whether I should have said "his business" or "her business." For surely Providence cannot be "it." But whether feminine or masculine—well, you can search me! I never expect to know.

However, I had made a beginning. And by not pushing myself forward—by recognizing the claim of the young chap—somehow this seemed to give me an advantage. Because I had been fair and square with him this time made it easier to use everything against him the next time. And I improved my opportunities.

We did not meet that afternoon, but that evening I handed her a new novel that I could recommend.

The next morning I took her out on the lake. In the afternoon we went for a walk, while the young chap sulked.

She was in truth a magnificent creature. I have never held the hand of a finer.

At eight o'clock of that night in the shadow of the Inn piazza, I was sailing along, as the sailors say, with everything set and a ripping breeze on the larboard quarter.

At eight-fifteen I began to overhaul my extensive vocabulary of love.

At eight-thirty I was handing it out in easy instalments.

At eight forty-five one arm was around her waist.

At nine I was considering the possibilities of the other.

But all things end, and at ten o'clock I was obliged to kiss her good-night and go in, for in this benighted place everything shut up at ten.

Thinking the evening fine enough for a solitary cigar, I was about to step out alone, when I was suddenly confronted by the young chap.

He motioned me out under one of the trees.

"Look here," he said, "how long are you going to keep this up?"

"Keep what up?" I said, in surprise—as if I didn't know.

"Come!" he said, roughly, "you know what I mean all right. I was here first, wasn't I? Now what business have you to cut me out?"

"My dear fellow," I protested, "aren't you talking nonsense?"

At this he was furious.

"I'll show you whether I'm talking nonsense or not!" he cried. "She was mine, I tell you, and I know what you've been up to. You're a contemptible cur."

I began to get warm myself. But I managed to keep my temper. Besides, incredible as it may seem, and after all my experience, I really loved her. She was so sweet, so winsome, that night, indeed, I had been in heaven, and I felt that so

much had been given to me, that I could afford to be magnanimous.

"Let us discuss this matter calmly," I said. "My friend, be reasonable. Doubtless you were here first, and you assume that I had no right to intrude. That is true, in one sense. But you must remember that if you had the advantage in point of time, I had a perfect right to offset this by any other legitimate method I chose."

He sprang toward me.

"You villain!" he exclaimed, "I'll"—He raised his hand.

Nothing was more undesirable than to have a scene. I realized instantly that if the affair got to her ears her sympathy for him might be awakened. I was getting on too well to have anything like that happen—if I could avoid it.

"Now, wait a moment," I said. "Can't you see I'm here just for a few days' idleness? Why, I don't even know who the young lady is. Good heavens! my friend, if I were so much bent on spoiling your chances, wouldn't I naturally go about it in another way? Why, she may have a husband somewhere! How do I know but she is already engaged to another? She may be engaged to you. Don't you see?"

"No," he interrupted, "I see nothing but that you are an insolent puppy, and you've butted in where you're not wanted. Now, sir, we must have this out. You'll meet me to-morrow, you understand. There's a place near the falls."

"What do you mean?" I asked, dumb-founded.

"I mean," he replied, "that we'll take a shot

This story continued on page 607

Club Cocktails



Christmas

*CLUB COCKTAILS are a fitting preface
to a Merry Christmas Dinner.*

All the mixing experience in the world cannot possibly produce at haphazard a drink as perfect in its exquisite flavor. CLUB COCKTAILS are *measure-mixed*—a master blend of choice old liquors aged in wood, of fine, full fragrance, smooth and palatable—the most delightful appetizer imaginable.

Seven kinds—Martini, gin base, and Manhattan, whiskey base, are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford. New York. London.



The Car that has No Valves

The Elmore Model Forty
\$2500.00

The information which it contains is so remarkable—so very much out of the ordinary—that this advertisement will have failed in its purpose if it does not impel you to consult with the nearest Elmore agent at once.

- The ELMORE agent is prepared to show you:
- A car which will run for 2,000 miles on one set of ordinary six-inch dry cells.
 - A car that will drain those cells to so low a point that cell, ordinarily discarded as useless for other cars will operate the ELMORE.
 - A car in which all troubles due to batteries, timer or coils are cut out altogether.
 - A car in which the ignition system ceases to be any occasion for thought or care at all.
 - A car which has not a single valve and consequently none of the troubles incident to valves, cams or springs.
 - A car equipped with continuous turning power, which means—no idle stroke—and an impulse from each cylinder with every turn of the fly-wheel.

A car in which repair cost is practically nil because it contains none of the deficiencies or complications in engine construction, ignition system, or usage of valves by which repairs are rendered necessary.

A car that to the unbiased investigator puts the four-cycle theory of construction into a defensive attitude and has helped to hasten the widespread adoption of the six-cylinder idea—a vain effort to approach through increased cylinders, cost, and complications, the marvelous efficiency of the ELMORE continuous torque.

A car that is doing so many almost unbelievable things in the hands of several thousand owners that our chief difficulty is to find plain English words which will convey to you an adequate idea of the wide gulf that separates it from the ordinary four-cycle car.

Write for the Elmore literature—but see an Elmore agent.

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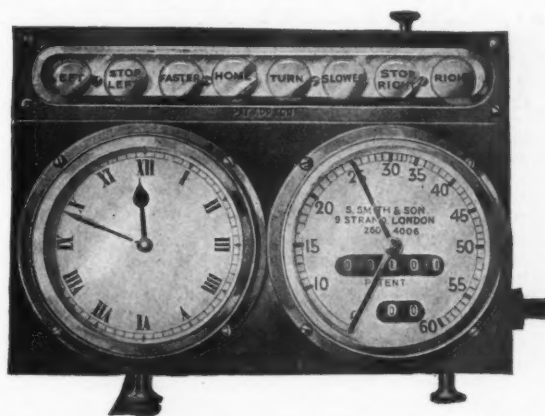
Life's Calendar 1908

NOW in its fourth year, LIFE'S CALENDAR has its fixed place in thousands of American homes. A calendar is a necessity, and when a thing of use is also a thing of beauty it serves a double purpose. LIFE'S CALENDAR is both useful and beautiful, which explains its continued and growing popularity. The 1908 issue is an improvement on its predecessors. The principal drawings are by W. Balfour Ker, R. M. Crosby, C. Clyde Squires, Henry Hutt, Bayard Jones and others of LIFE'S best artists. It consists of twelve special reproductions and a cover on heavy cardboard, 15½ x 12½ inches, held together with a silk cord and handsomely boxed. It has decorative remarks in color, making each page, as it is turned over, a fresh joy to the eye.

Price \$2.00 Each Postpaid

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West Thirty-first Street New York City

Smith ENGLISH SPEED INDICATORS



TYPE No. 8—One of our many handsome Dashboard Combination Fixtures for Automobiles. Price, complete, \$150

A "SMITH" PERFECT SPEED INDICATOR with trip and season mileage recorder. Note the long arc (8½ inches) making the indication extremely sensitive and easy to read. Absolutely accurate at all speeds. The dial of each instrument is hand-marked under test, to compensate for possible variation in the individual springs. The driving cable revolves very slowly, eliminating breakage and wear.

A "SMITH" EIGHT-DAY CLOCK especially designed to withstand vibration. A COMMUNICATOR (8 signals) especially designed for limousines. Pressure of one of the buttons inside the vehicle lights the corresponding lamp and rings a bell. Better than a speaking tube.

Before buying several separate instruments, look through our catalogue of combination attachments (free on request). All our instruments are of the same high grade as our famous watches and clocks—hand-made, separately tested and guaranteed. Dealers wanted.

Motor Watches in handsome cases for Christmas Gifts to the Motorist
S. SMITH & SON, Ltd., (Dept. F.) 116 Broad Street, New York



METHODICAL CORDIALITY

Dr. A. F. W. Ingram, the Bishop of London, sat at a dinner in Washington:

"They say I overdo athletics, but I don't, really. Exercise keeps me fit. I don't overdo it any more than the parliamentary candidate, Juggins, overdid his cordiality."

"Juggins was running for a slum district in Birmingham, and his cordiality among the slum voters excited a good deal of surprise. Two canvassers fell into talk about it."

"It's a grand idea of Candidate Juggins," said the first. "Instead of just shaking hands with a voter in the ordinary way, he rushes up and grabs the man's two hands, shaking them long and warmly."

"But isn't that rather overdoing it?" said the other canvasser.

"Overdoing it? No, indeed. It may look like overdoing it, but Juggins knows his way about. As long as he holds both the fellow's hands, he knows his purse is safe."—*Washington Star*.

FUN FOR THE BOY

The parents of a Baltimore lad, a pupil in one of the public schools, are fond of boasting that their hopeful has never missed a day's attendance at school during a period of eleven years.

On one occasion the proud father was asked to explain how this apparently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual childish diseases—measles, whooping-cough, and so on?" the father was asked.

"Oh, yes."

"How, then, could he have always been at school?"

"The fact is," explained the father, "he always had 'em during the holidays."—*Harper's Weekly*.



BENEATH HIS NOTICE

"HALLOA, Bilkins! Who are you working for now?"
"Same people—a wife and five children."—*Tit-Bits*.

WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE

"This," said the village minister, as he entered his wife's sitting-room with an open letter in his hand, "is a call to Grassville, Kan. I understand it is a very nice place."

"What salary do they offer?" queried his practical better-half.
"One thousand dollars a year, free rent and two donation parties—one in the spring and one in the fall," replied the good man. "What do you think of it, my dear?"

"I think," answered his wife, "that you had better write and ask if they would be willing to make the salary \$800 a year and cut out the donation parties."—*Chicago News*.

"It LOOKS as if these trusts," said Mr. Sinclair, "will have to obey the law, or else their owners will find themselves as badly sold as the rich Bostonian who bought an estate in Scotland called Glen Accra."

"The Bostonian bought this estate without having seen it. He believed that he could trust the man he bought it from. And last summer he went over to have a look at the place."

"The drive from the nearest railway station to Glen Accra was a matter of twelve miles. The Bostonian hired a Highlander to drive him."

"As the cart jogged along, the Bostonian said:

"I suppose you know the country hereabouts pretty well, friend?"

"Aye, ilka foot o' t," the Scot answered.

"And do you know Glen Accra?"

"Aye, weel," was the reply.

"What sort of a place is it?" the American asked.

"The Scot smiled grimly.

"Aweel," he said, "if ye saw the de'il tethered on it, ye'd juist say, 'Poor brute!'"—*New York Tribune*.

THE REAL VICTIMS

KNICKER: Retrenchment is hard on the poor.

BOCKER: Yes; when you have to give up your auto the ones who suffer are the chauffeur's friends.—*New York Sun*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS. Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; also at Saarbach's News Exchanges, 1, New Coventry Street, Leicester Square, W., London; 9 Rue St. Georges, Paris; 1, Via Firenze, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

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Swift's Premium Calendar 1908

THE first panel is a beautiful head—an ideal American girl's head—painted by Miss Eggleston. Miss Eggleston's home is in Brooklyn, and she has made a fine reputation in her own chosen field of art. The Eggleston picture is bordered with a dainty gold frame, the whole having the appearance of being mounted upon watered silk of a silvery sheen. It is very artistic and decorative.

The second and third panels are reproductions of two paintings by the famous Russian artist, Eisman Semenowsky. He has his studio in Paris, where he makes a specialty of figures and classical subjects. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy of London and other important exhibitions, and his pictures are popular with wealthy American art connoisseurs. The figures painted for our 1908 Calendar are classical without being severe, and they have a warmth of tone and purity of technique that will make them highly appreciated by those who admire advanced art.

The third panel will prove especially interesting to all who have been in Italy. The background is that famous view of Amalfi that one gets from the Cappuccini Convent, said to be the loveliest view in all Italy.



PANEL No. 3



PANEL No. 1



PANEL No. 2

Is unique in shape and subjects and unusual in artistic treatment. It consists of three large panels, each 8 1/4 x 17 1/2 inches, richly lithographed in twelve colors and gold, rarely beautiful fac-similes of three magnificent paintings.

We will mail this splendid complete 3-part calendar, post-paid to any address, for 10 Wool Soap Wrappers, 1 metal cap from jar of Swift's Beef Extract, or 10 cents in stamps or coin.

Art Plates.—We also have the Semenowsky panels, without advertising matter of any kind, mounted on dark cardboard with wide margins, splendid pictures for holiday gifts. The set of two will be sent postpaid for 50 cents.

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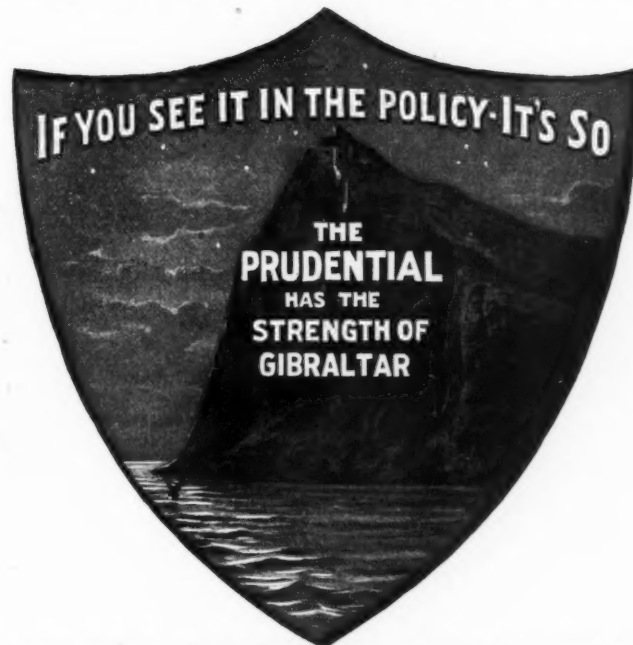
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SELLIN' A SHEEP

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church. "Man," said Donald, "I wass wonderin' what you will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I wass thinkin' I wad be wantin' fifty shullin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doin' business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shullin's is not business at all; it's just charity!"—*Scottish American*.

"You wish to employ one of our detectives to watch your husband?"

"I do."

"May I ask what has aroused your suspicion of him?"

"He sent me a bunch of violets and a box of candy from town yesterday."—*Houston Post*.

"As You Like It" Horse Radish

Absolutely Pure and Clean. Never touched by human hands in its making. 10 cents a bottle east of Denver.

A QUEER NOTION

Senator Frank B. Brandegee and ex-Gov. Bulkeley were discussing with a Hartford editor a certain Connecticut candidate for political honors.

"He is sure to fail," said Senator Brandegee. "He is beginning his campaign with the most compromising and absurd speeches. He reminds me of the man who wanted to be a trolley car conductor."

"This man looked hearty, polite and intelligent, and the manager at the car barns seemed to think well of him. After a number of questions the manager said:

"Well, what pay do you desire?"

"The applicant gave a loud laugh. Then he dug the manager in the ribs and said:

"Oh, never mind about the pay, boss. Just give me the job and I'll have a car of my own in a week or two."—*Washington Star*.

As to Round the World travel—

An exclusive atmosphere is assured guests of

THE COLLIER TOURS COMPANY, 370 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

A RICH and well-known citizen of an Eastern city boasts of an extraordinary collection of books wherein the authors have inscribed their autographs.

It is rumored that the envy and frequently the skepticism of his friends have been aroused by the flattering inscriptions in question; and some cynics have even gone so far as to hint of a similarity in handwriting throughout the collection.

The citizen recently purchased a rare edition of Montaigne's Essays. One evening, at dinner, the costly volume was passed from hand to hand, and for a time the owner lost sight of it. When, however, it did finally come back to him, he was astonished to find on the fly-leaf this inscription:

"To John Blank, from his old friend and classmate, Mike Montaigne."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

At a certain fair, in one of the side-shows the principal performer was a knife-thrower, who made a specialty of throwing knives all around a lady into a board at the back of the stage.

The partner of this artiste was middle-aged, stout, and—well, very plain, and when she came on the audience gasped.

They had not thought it possible for any one to be—well, so plain, and live through it.

The man arranged her to the board, and at the critical moment threw the knife.

It flew through the air and stuck quivering in the board.

Voice from the back:

"Great Scott! You've missed her."—*The News*.

THE Thaw trial will be produced in December.

Words by Blackstone, music by Coke.

Gowns by Redfern.

Electrical effects by Jerome.

Double sextet of insanity experts and a strictly adequate cast.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

If it's a perfectly appointed card table it's a "Rad-Bridge" Score.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'Tis to thee that I would drink."

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

at each other. Understand? And the best man wins."

"What," I exclaimed, "you must be crazy!"

"Nothing of the sort."

He pulled out what bore a suspicious resemblance to a 38-caliber and brandished it over my head.

"Six-thirty to-morrow morning!" he cried. "You can get the Inn clerk to be your second, and I'll—I'll—oh, I'll get some one. Now you be there—you hear! I'll have the guns. I carry a case of 'em. You can't escape me. If you try to get away from this place, I'll nail you, all right."

My blood was up. I could feel all that primitive chivalry handed down from my ancestors and hitherto unrecognized crying aloud for vengeance.

"You needn't be anxious! you confounded little fool," I said, "I'll be on hand."

I led the way back to the Inn. I whispered the affair to the clerk. In half an hour it had been arranged. We were to meet at six-thirty the next morning, under the shadow of the cliff next to the falls.

Ordinarily I am a good sleeper, but I must confess as I went up the creaky stairs to my room I felt no call to lose myself in gentle slumber. Here was a pretty howdy do! I had come up to this benighted place at the tail end of the season. I had discovered an extraordinarily beautiful creature with whom it was quite natural to fall in love, and just because of an awkward half-baked fellow I didn't know, here I was with an affair on my hands. And as if this were not the twentieth century!

At six o'clock I was downstairs. A small group of men was waiting in the office. My deadly rival, with a box in his hand containing the revolvers, led the way, accompanied by his second. I followed with mine. The village doctor and a new chap I didn't know came after.

We trailed along the path leading to the cliff.

My second, the hotel clerk, grasped me by the arm, as he whispered, "Fall back a moment; I have something to say to you."

I fell back.

"Don't be alarmed," he went on. "You see, it's like this. That young chap was a little bit hasty last night. He lost his temper. Between you and me, he hasn't slept a wink. This morning about four o'clock he woke up the proprietor—his second—and intimated that he would like to make a concession, but of course he wasn't going to back out—not quite that."

The clerk looked up at me anxiously.

"It's better," he whispered, "to have the affair go right on—as a matter of honor. But would it make any difference to you if only blank cartridges were used?"

"Ha!" I thought to myself, "so that's what the young man amounts to."

I turned haughtily to the clerk. My heart, which up to that time I had been vainly trying to keep out of my throat, suddenly went back of its own accord. I noticed my legs stiffening up also. It's amazing what a relief I felt.

"Hum!" I said. "So the young man is tired of his bargain."

I shook my head reluctantly. My courage grew in leaps and bounds.

This story continued on page 608



California Limited

Takes you along the old Santa Fe Trail across the most picturesque part of the Rockies, to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and thence to Sunny California.

You ride on a superb train "Santa Fe All the Way" from Chicago. One management from start to finish. The track is dustless. Block-signal protection. Meal service by Fred Harvey. The only train to Southern California, via any line, exclusively for first-class travel.

Full description of the many luxuries of this train in a new Limited booklet, which, with Grand Canyon book, will be sent on request. Address W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 1118-N Railway Exchange, Chicago.

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Prompt
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STONE WERE OFFERED INSTEAD

wouldn't you laugh and shake off
the dust of that shop from your
feet? What, then, do you think
about any other substitute offered as

"JUST AS GOOD" OR "CHEAPER?"

The Trail Of The Midgley Tread

The unwavering trail of the Hartford Midgley Tread Tire is a trail of safety, service and satisfaction.

It is almost criminal negligence to drive any automobile at any time of the year which is not equipped with

HARTFORD MIDGLEY TIRES
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Because with the Midgley Tread you can NEVER slip or skid on rainy, muddy, slippery roads, in snow or even on ice. Because the Midgley Tread is made right IN Hartford Tires. You can never forget and leave it at home. It does not look ugly; can not break and fly off, or does not need constant repairs. Made by

The Hartford Rubber Works Co. Hartford, Conn.

BRANCHES: NEW YORK, 88 Chambers St. and 57th St. & Broadway; CHICAGO, 83 Michigan Ave.; BOSTON, 494 Atlantic Ave. and 1020 Boylston St.; CLEVELAND, 1831 Euclid Ave.; DETROIT, 256 Jefferson Ave.; DENVER, 1564 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 1425 Vine St.; BUFFALO, 725 Main St.; ATLANTA, GA., 55 Auburn Ave.; LOS ANGELES, 1505 South Main St.; SAN FRANCISCO, 423-433 Golden Gate Ave.

Agencies: Pittsburg Rubber Co., 913-915 Liberty Ave., Pittsburg; Gugler Electric Mfg. Co., Minneapolis; Geo. W. Perry & Co., St. Louis; Mercantile Lumber & Supply Co., Kansas City; F. P. Keenan Co., Portland (Ore.); Salt Lake Hardware Co., Salt Lake City; Compania Mexicana De Vehiculos, City of Mexico.

NORTHERN

MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT

For 1908 the Silent Northern embodies the same strong, enduring construction that has given it supremacy for five successive years, plus **MORE POWER**, due to large cylinders, larger valves and other refinements. Five years' experience manufacturing this one type insures that perfection of detail necessary to give you reliability and low cost of maintenance. This car will prove to be for you, as it has been for others, a genuine money-saver—and give you every pleasure and comfort possible to get from any car regardless of price. Investigate—find out for yourself. Send for Catalog.

The Silent Northern
24.2 H.P.
(A. L. A. M. rating)
\$1600
Top extra
F. O. B. factory including full lamp and tool equipment.



Member Association of
Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

"I'd set my heart on this," I cried, looking at my second fiercely. "It's a terrible disappointment. Still!"

"Be generous," whispered the clerk.

"I will!" I exclaimed. "Only—nothing of this to the others! My honor!"

"Never!" he exclaimed. "We are all sworn to secrecy!"

By this time we had arrived at the rendezvous.

My hated rival opened his bag of pistols. I was given the choice. Paces were marked off. We stood at thirty of them, back to back.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "are you ready? Then fire!"

We turned simultaneously and plunked away at each other.

Not strange to say, neither fell. The smoke lifted on an undesecrated battlefield.

"Gentlemen," asked the doctor, "are you satisfied?"

We both agreed we were.

"Then," said the proprietor, cheerfully, as he opened up his bag, "let's all have a drink."

* * *

I slept most of that day and all of that night, making up for lost time. The next morning as I came down to breakfast I saw the 'bus for the train standing at the door. And she—the one I loved—the one I had fought for—dressed in traveling costume, stood in the doorway.

When she saw me she came forward, holding in her hands a town paper.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't be down to see us off," she said, "and I want to thank you—you were so good. See!" She held up the paper.

I hastily read the headline

"DESPERATE DUEL FOR HAND OF FAMOUS ACTRESS FOUGHT IN MOUNTAIN GLEN"

"It's simply everything to me," she went on.

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, as the young chap, his face wreathed in smiles, sauntered up and joined us.

"I'm her manager," he explained. "We open next week at the Savoy. Great thing you did for us, old man! Such an original story to get into the papers! Why, it's worth thousands. Come down for the opening night and I'll give you a box."



Changing Times

"HERE'S a Wall Street man out in front," announced the shop boy.

"You wait on him," said the jeweler. "I'm busy with this farmer gentleman. That Wall Street feller doesn't want anything more than a collar-button, I judge."—*Washington Herald*.



"GEE! BUT IT MUS' BE NICE T' GIT WHISKERS AN'
NOT HAVE T' WASH YER FACE."

He Knew

THERE is a well-known Federal official at Washington whose family stoutly maintain that he is absolutely color-blind, a contention as stoutly refuted by the official himself.

On one occasion at table his wife remarked a new tie her husband was wearing. "I'll wager you don't know what color the tie is," she teasingly suggested.

"It's blue," said the husband.

"Right! But how on earth did you know?"

"Well," said the husband, with the same assurance, "when I bought it yesterday I told the clerk that if he didn't give me blue, I'd throw him out of the window."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Bulls" Made by Geniuses

DRAMATISTS, historians, fiction writers, poets, painters and sculptors frequently make amusing "bulls" and anachronisms.

For instance, it has been frequently pointed out that in the fifth act of "Othello" Shakespeare makes Desdemona speak three times despite the fact that she has been effectually smothered. It naturally occurs to any one that had she been able to recover sufficiently to talk she certainly would not have died—and it seems quite careless on the part of William that he made this slip-up. It is consoling, also, to those of us nowadays who get facts upside down.

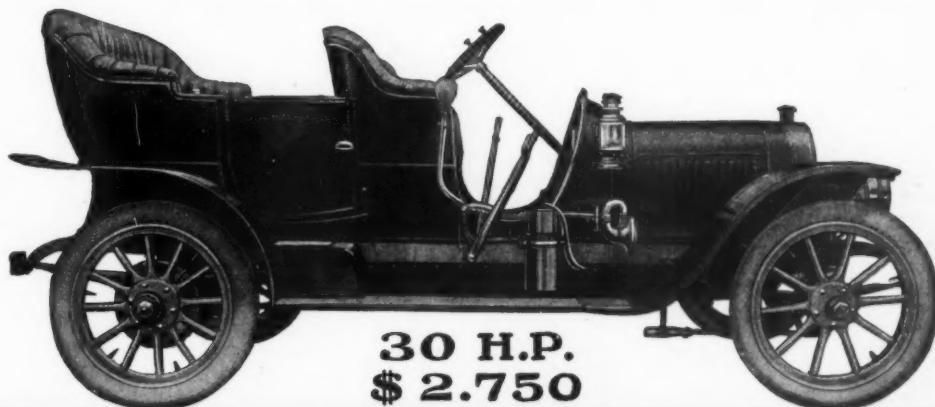
DeFoe also is guilty of a break in "Robinson Crusoe." He tells us that his hero, to swim with greater facility, stripped himself of his clothing, but he adds that he put a number of biscuits into his pockets.

Historians are usually considered almost infallible human beings, but they get their notes twisted once in a while. Durivage's "Cyclopedia of History" makes Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart rulers of England, ascend the throne three years before the death of her predecessor, William III.

Still the same authority makes Edward III of England the arbiter of the claims of the rivals, Bruce and Baliol, to the crown of Scotland, instead of his grandfather, Edward I.

The illustrations of an old Bible that was much used before the Civil War were noticeably ludicrous because of the number of their inaccuracies and the extremity of them. One of them was a scene depicting "Jacob's Dream." Jacob, a squat, Dutchy fellow, evidently suffering much from the heat of the weather, was reclining against the trunk of a tree, asleep, clad in a blouse buckled very tightly about him with a belt, his legs encased in Wellington boots, on the heel of one of which was a spur. His horse was hitched near by, equipped with modern saddle and other accoutrements. Up and down the ladder angels were having a good time, arrayed in the long flowing, fashionable polonaise and wearing the broad picture hat. It was fine.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The POPE-HARTFORD FOR 1908



30 H.P.
\$ 2.750

CHANGES in design and construction of the Pope-Hartford for 1908 are not of a revolutionary character.

The 1907 Pope-Hartford was right. It made hill-climbing, touring, track and reliability history.

The 1907 Model L is admittedly and unquestionably the speediest, most powerful, most popular and highly endorsed car in its class of the year.

Model M, its successor, has been put to every conceivable road, hill-climbing, speed and reliability test.

Some New Features for 1908 are as follows:

Selective change speed gear. Gears of Chrome Nickel Steel. Road wheels, 34 x 3½ and 34 x 4 respectively. Wheel base, 112 inches.

New carburetor, giving all the flexibility of the multiple jet vaporizer. Quietness of operation of all gears. Radiator is now located directly over front axle.

The clutch same as Model L, excepting cork inserts to the number of 34 have been added. Rear axle is now of the clutch drive type, rather than the semi-floating variety as used in the 1907 car.

Ask us to do any "stunt" you want; ask us to go where any car will go, irrespective of make, price, horse-power or number of cylinders.

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antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—A leading dentifrice for a **THIRD OF A CENTURY**

The metal package is most convenient for travel or the home. No liquid or powder to spill or waste. **25c—at All Druggists.** (Sent postpaid if yours hasn't it.)

Strong's Arnica Jelly

Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent postpaid for **25 Cents.**

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612.

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CHICAGO, U.S.A.



Jaeger
SANITARY UNDERWEAR

Ask any conscientious dealer what are standard woollens. He will answer "Jaeger."

Ask any leading physician what is the best health underwear. He will answer "Jaeger."

Can you afford to disregard such endorsement?

Write for samples and booklet of particulars.

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JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
WHISKEY

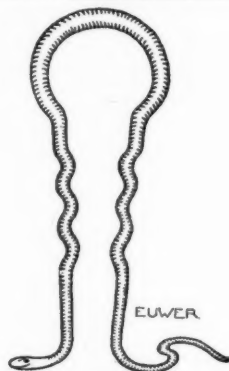
First in popularity because first in quality.

Sole Agents
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York

Water Spreading Fire

AN AMUSING instance of ignorance of the properties of carbide of calcium occurred recently on a quay at Algiers. Five tons of carbide had been placed near a quantity of inflammable material, which suddenly caught fire. The firemen, instead of removing the boxes of carbide with hooks, smashed them, and then turned water upon the contents. The result was a great development of acetylene gas and a destructive fire, which might have been prevented by a little practical knowledge of chemistry.—*Youth's Companion.*

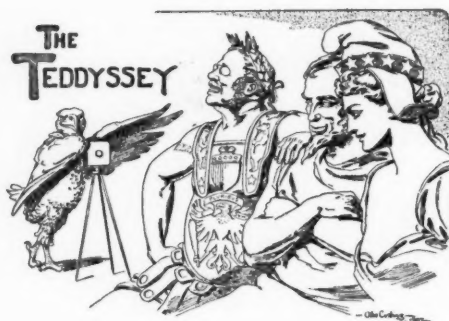
WRITING to a London paper, a medical man tells this story: "A remarkable incident happened recently at a London dental hospital. A young woman went there to have five teeth extracted. The anæsthetic decided upon by the dental surgeon was ethyl chloride, and this was administered by



"THE NEXT TIME I GO TO SWALLOW A HAIRPIN, I'LL TAKE A LITTLE PEPSIN TO AID THE DIGESTION."

the usual form of apparatus. An india rubber cap is placed over the patient's mouth and nostrils, and connected with it is a bag into which a sealed capsule of ethyl chloride is introduced. By the turning of a screw from the outside the capsule is broken and the anæsthetic liberated. The screw was turned, the patient went off gradually into the usual condition of insensibility, five teeth were extracted, and the patient awakened without feeling any part of the operation. The whole case appeared perfectly normal. Only when the young woman had left the room and the apparatus was being made ready for another patient, was it discovered that the capsule of ethyl chloride had by some mischance not been broken at all. The whole condition of insensibility had been brought about by the self-hypnotism of the patient. The idea that an anæsthetic was being administered was so strong in her mind that she had passed into insensibility entirely by hypnotic suggestion."

The Teddysey



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A Stock Exchange Poet of 1873

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:

Sir—Now that the clouds have rolled or are rolling by, this reminiscence of another stringent time may interest some of your readers. It was posted on the New York Stock Exchange October 4, 1873.

New York, October 13.

CHARGE OF THE "LONG" BRIGADE

One per cent., five per cent.,
Ten per cent. downward,
Into the Stock Exchange
Rushed the six hundred.
No time to reason why,
No time to make reply,
Sell! Sell! the only cry!
Into the Stock Exchange
Rushed the six hundred.

Brokers to right of them,
Brokers to left of them,
Brokers in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Bulls could not stem the tide,
Bears could not run nor hide,
Few laughed, but many cried!
Into the Stock Exchange
Rushed the six hundred.

Oh, what a sight was there!
Arms lifted high in air,
Tearing each other's hair—
Outsiders wondered!
Nothing would do but sell—
Lower the market fell.

"Who can this tempest quell?"
Half of them thundered.
Out of the Stock Exchange
Rushed the six hundred.

"Shut up the doors!" the cry—
"Stop not to reason why!
Banks will not certify;
Some one has blundered!
Ruined those who planned the raid,
Ruined those whom fortune made,
Ruined henceforth our trade!
All have been plundered!
Save us from want and care!"
Cried the six hundred.

Closed were the doors that day,
Closed on that fearful fray,
Closed on that Saturday
When some one blundered.
May it this lesson teach:
"Go not beyond your reach!"
When all this motto preach
Friends are not sundered.
Back to the Stock Exchange
Come ye six hundred!

—John D. Wilson, in the New York Sun.

Due and Legal Form

"SINCE it is all over between us, Miss Berkenhead," said the young man, pale but calm, "I am compelled to ask for the return of the numerous and costly presents I have given you from time to time during the last six months, under the mistaken idea that I was your accepted lover and you were my affianced wife."

"No, Henry," she answered, "you can't claim them now. All you can do is to give me the necessary sixty days' notice. By that time—er—perhaps confidence will be restored."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I CAN'T understand," said the doctor, after the operation had been performed and the patient had been prepared for burial, "how your husband was able to live, with such an affliction as he had." "Well, you see," replied the sorrowing widow, "it was years and years before we could persuade him to go on the operating table."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



The International Jury, Paris, 1900

Twenty-one of the World's Most Critical Music Masters

including seven piano-forte manufacturers

awarded the Grand Prix at Paris 1900 to the Baldwin Piano

With the eyes of the musical world centered on this supreme test and alongside such time-honored products as the Bechstein, the Bluthner, the Becker and the Erard—famous instruments of the Old World—the Baldwin triumphantly vindicated its claim to recognition as the modern standard of piano excellence.

No greater tribute was ever paid to artistic merit and true musical quality. The Baldwin is the only American piano ever awarded a Grand Prix.

Speaking of the exacting conditions which surrounded this great victory for the Baldwin, the "Musical Courier" of Sept. 22, 1900, says:

"It should never be forgotten that no such tests were ever made before and that certain precedents and traditional methods connected with the International Exposition Awards operated against a new piano, which had never been in competition with the great makes of the Old World."

Baldwin Pianos may be seen at any of the following salesrooms

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CHICAGO

D. H. Baldwin & Co.
142 W. Fourth Street
Cincinnati

1013 Olive St.
ST. LOUIS
914 Walnut St.
KANSAS CITY

2612 Sacramento St.
SAN FRANCISCO
539 Fourth Ave.
LOUISVILLE

640 Wabash Ave.
TERRE HAUTE
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with a soft brush and plenty of



The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

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Calox is sold by all druggists, 25c.

Dainty trial-size can and booklet sent on receipt of 5c. (stamps or coin)
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IT DOESN'T PAY TO ADVERTISE COUNTERFEIT GOODS

because if the truth were told about them no one would buy them. The honest manufacturer is willing to stake his reputation and fortune in marketing his goods. He could not afford to advertise anything but good goods. You don't care for substitutes and you won't be deceived if you

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HORSE RADISH

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Only 10 Cents a Jar

for the absolutely purest, cleanest and most delicious horse radish. More good horse radish in this sealed glass bottle, more real flavor, more healthfulness, than in the "bulk" kind which peddlers and hucksters sell for the same money.

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is the quintessence of cleanliness and purity. Our way of growing it on our own farms, grating and bottling it without its being touched by human hands, makes it the kind you can really relish, because of all these painstaking processes.

Send today for our very interesting booklet, "The World's Best Ketchup," which also tells surprising things about the healthful and medicinal features of horse radish as a stomach tonic—a digestant and appetizer.

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BY THE CANDY he sends"**

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The Sled that Steers

With 1907-8 Improvements. The swiftest, safest, strongest sled ever invented. The fastest sled for boys. The only sled girls can properly control. Steering without dragging the feet lets it go full speed—saves its cost in shoes the first season—prevents wet feet, colds and doctor's bills. Made of second growth white ash and steel—built to last.

MODEL SLED FREE.

Write for cardboard model showing just how it works; sent free with colored Christmas booklet, and price.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1102X Philadelphia, Pa.
Patentees and Manufacturers.



The New West

Oh, have you seen, my traveled friend,
The expurgated West,
Where men no longer tote their guns
Attention to arrest;
Where little Willie Tenderfoot
No longer gets a shock,
But where they gather round the boy
And sell him mining stock?

Gone are the glories of the land
Where once the cowboy ranged,
That chap is now a hired man,
For, lo! the times have changed!
No longer hardship stalks abroad,
For if the grub is shy
They call the store by telephone
And get a new supply.

The wild and woolly mining camp
Most of its wool has shed;
The bold, bad men who used to roam
The streets have gone to bed;
They do not now shoot up the town—
That wouldn't be polite;
Besides, it doesn't seem the way
To treat electric light.

A new and milder race of men
Now monkey with the game,
And when they get their dress-suits on
The scene is trite and tame.
You note them in the swallowtail,
Tall hat and fancy vest,
And looking all around you see
The passing of the West.

—Nashville American.

THESE questions are from a London arithmetic of the year 1785:

A man overtaking a maid driving a flock of geese said to her: "How do you do, sweetheart? Where are you going with these thirty geese?" "No, sir," said she, "I have not thirty; but if I had as many more, half as many more, and five geese besides, I should have thirty."

A, B and C, playing at hazard together, the money staked was 196 guineas; but, disagreeing, each seized as many as he could. A got a certain number, B as many as A and sixteen more, and C the sixth part of both their sums. How much had each?

A gentleman going into a garden meets with some ladies, and says to them: "Good morning to you ten fair maids." "Sir, you mistake," answered one of them. "We are not ten, but if we were twice as many more as we are, we should be as many above ten as we are now under." How many were there?

A man bought a horse, and by agreement was to give a farthing for the first nail, three for the second, etc. There were four shoes, and in each shoe eight nails. What was the price of the horse?

Answer: £9,651,114,681,693 13s. 4d.—Rochester Herald.

WISE: He says he has perfected plans that will enable him to build low-priced motor-cars, placing the machines within the reach of all.

BROWNE: My! that means a great business undertaking.

"H'm! It also means a great undertaking business."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Fixed

DURING the recent stay in camp of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, one of the captains called a sergeant one day, saying:

"Sergeant, note down Private Mooney—one day on bread and water for slovenly turn-out on parade."

"Beg pardon, captain," responded the sergeant, "but that won't make any difference to Mooney. He's a vegetarian."

"Then," said the captain, "give him one day on meat and soup."—Harper's Weekly.



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berths on the

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make night-time vie
with day-time in
comfort for the trav-
eller all the way to
CALIFORNIA

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Leaves Chicago and St. Louis daily over the El Paso short line, route of lowest altitudes.

Write for illustrated booklets describing the Golden State and the trip on the Golden State Limited. Reserve accommodations early.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Mgr., Chicago.



HER GIFT A Bissell

"Cyco" Bearing Carpet Sweeper

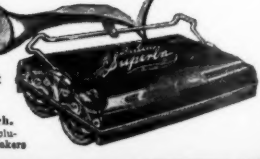
The perplexing question of the year is what to buy at a moderate cost as a Christmas gift that will combine all the elements of nicety, practicability and appropriateness. There is practically no gift at the same cost that will please wife, mother, sister or friend as much as a latest improved Bissell "Cyco" Bearing Carpet Sweeper. It is finished as elegantly as a piano, in a variety of rich figured woods.

The metal parts in the best patterns are all nickled. Everything about the machine indicates value double its actual cost to the purchaser. Thousands of Bissell Sweepers are given every year as Christmas gifts, and the demand for this purpose is growing enormously. A Bissell Sweeper will be a constant reminder of the giver for ten years or more. Reduces the labor of sweeping 95 per cent., cleans carpets and rugs as no corn broom can, raises no dust, and will outlast fifty corn brooms. Sold by all first-class dealers. Prices, \$2.50 to \$6.50.

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Buy a Bissell between now and January 1st, 1908, from your dealer, send us the purchase slip, and receive FREE a good quality Morocco leather card case without any printing on it. Something any lady or gentleman would appreciate.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Dept. 132
Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World)



My Friend

TRUE and trustful, never doubting,
Is my young and handsome friend;
Always jolly,
Full of fun,
Bright eyes gleaming
Like the sun—
Never see him blue or pouting
From the day's break to its end.

Whether I am "flush" or "busted"
Makes no difference to him!
"Let's be gay, sir,"
He would say, sir—
"Won't have any
Other way, sir!"

Oh, he's never cross and crusty—
Light of heart and full of vim!

Often we go out together
For a ramble far and wide—
Catch the breezes
Fresh and strong
Down the mountain
Swept along—

For we never mind the weather
When we two are side by side.

But my friend is sometimes quiet,
And I've caught his clear brown eye
Gazing at me,
Mute, appealing—
Telling something
Yet concealing.

Yes, he'd like to talk! Well, try it—
"Bow, wow, wow," and that's his cry!

The above poem is a picture in words of a dog, named "Bob Taylor" after the present United States Senator of Tennessee, and belonging to Lon A. Warner, managing editor of the *Chattanooga (Tennessee) Tradesman*.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Every-Day Philanthropy

A SAD and seedy individual found his way into a Baltimore office building, gained admission to the offices of one of the city's best-known legal firms, and, at last, somehow penetrated to the sanctum of the senior partner.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "what do you want?"
The visitor was nothing if not frank.

"A dollar bill," he said; "although," he added, "if you don't happen to have the bill, silver will do."

The man's unusual manner caught the lawyer's curiosity.

"There you are," he said, handing out the money.
"And now I should like to have you tell me how you came to fall so low in the world."

The visitor sighed.

"All my youth," he explained, "I had counted on inheriting something from my uncle, but, when he died, he left all he had to an orphan asylum."

"A philanthropist," commented the lawyer.
"What did his estate consist of?"

"Ten children," said the visitor—and vanished.—
Saturday Evening Post.

Have at Them

OF ALL the trusts which thrive in the United States, none equals the theatre trust for rapacity and contemptuous disregard of public rights. It strangles art with the same facility with which it robs the people. It sits enthroned in New York and determines what the people of Texas may see and how much they must pay, and it attempts to strangle artists who do not yield allegiance to it.

It is difficult to write of these pirates in parliamentary language, but some of these days militant authority will get them by the nape of the neck and boot them into the limbo of ignominy, where they may no longer offend the public's sense of justice and decency.—*Houston Post*.

"The Queen of Music Makers"

There is a place for a Reginaphone in every home.

The Regina Music Box has always been such a wonderful music box that it has been known everywhere as "the Queen of Music Makers."

While the music box has always been good, the phonograph has become popular. Many people buy a Regina Music Box for one kind of music, and a talking machine for another. This is a mistake, because you can get in the Reginaphone all of the good qualities of the Regina

Music Box plus all of the good qualities of all talking machines and some special good qualities that none have. The Reginaphone is run by the Regina Music Box motor, which runs longer, more evenly and is stronger than the motors put in ordinary talking machines. Then it looks better, is a finer piece of cabinet work, and finally, you always have the Regina Music Box, which many like better than the phonograph.



If you are looking for a royal holiday gift, buy "The Queen of Music Makers." The pleasure it gives never grows stale. It will delight not for a day or a year but for always.

You can hear the Reginaphone in any Regina store. If there is no Regina store near you, write to us and we will tell you where to go, and send you a complete book describing it. The Reginaphone is a music box and a talking machine at only a fraction above the cost of the music box alone.

THE REGINA Co.

Makers of Regina Music Boxes, Reginaphones,
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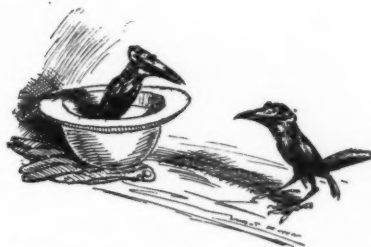
"Let's have it dug up for a sewer."

"But wouldn't it be proper to pave it first?"

"Of course; I supposed you understood that. Then, after it is paved and a sewer put in, we'll have it repaved."

"All in readiness to be dug up again for the gas-pipe? I see you understand the principles of municipal economy. And after we have had it repaved for the second time, then what?"

"Well, then it will be in order for widening. There's nothing I admire so much as system in the care and improvement of our roadways."—*London Tailor.*



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THE Archbishop of Canterbury is a skilful chess player. Once when on a visit to India he stayed with an official in charge of the laying of a new railway line, and in the daytime he made long tours with his host over the route. On these occasions the two constantly played chess without either board or men. All the moves were made verbally. They never forgot a move or a point of the game, and each could tell at any moment what was the exact position of the imaginary men on the imaginary board.—*Bellman.*

EUNICE says she is the unluckiest girl in the world."

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A Domestic Breakdown

THE Earl of Kingston is not the first peer who has had an adventure with a burglar. A well-known Lord discovered a thief in his town house. Aided by the butler he secured the man and then rang the bell. A servant appeared, whom the peer requested to "go into the kitchen and bring up a policeman or two." The domestic returned and said there were no policemen on the premises. "What!" exclaimed his master, in incredulous tones, "do you mean to tell me that with a cook, two scullery maids, a kitchen maid and three housemaids in my employ, there is no policeman in my kitchen? It is indeed a miracle, and our prisoner shall reap the benefit. Turner, let the man go instantly!"—*London Standard*.



Mr. Bugg: AGED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AND SIXTEEN MINUTES. NOT A VERY LONG LIFE, I SHOULD SAY.

Mr. Hop: YES, BUT HE HAD HIS DAY.

THIS bit of theatrical criticism written a century ago is reprinted by the *London Times*: "It is really wrong, in the present performers of this theatre (the London Haymarket) to attempt Shakespeare. They lately ridiculed the subordinate characters of 'Hamlet' so grossly that we were more than once surprised Mr. Chapman's performance of Hamlet's Ghost was not interrupted by the enraged entrance of Shakespeare's; and it was but last evening that, with the assistance of those able assassins, Messrs. Wharton, Carles, Winston and Palmer, jun., they undertook to massacre the first part of 'King Henry IV.' Nor did they scorn every adscititious advantage which might conduce to the murder of propriety."

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Some Sharp Retorts

IN A London auction-room two men were disputing the possession of a picture by a celebrated English painter, which faithfully represented an ass. Each seemed determined to outbid the other. Finally one of them said:

"My dear sir, it is of no use; I shall not give in. The painting once belonged to my grandfather and I intend to have it."

"Oh, in that case," replied his rival, suavely, "I will give it up. I think you are fully entitled to it if it is one of your family portraits," at which there was great laughter throughout the room.

With this sharp retort we are inclined to rank the reply of the Irish girl who, caught in the act of playing on Sunday morning and being accosted by the parish priest with the greeting, "Good morning, daughter of the Evil One," replied promptly, "Good morning, father."

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down.

"Mac," said he, "I think if I were a sheep I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill."

The shepherd answered, "Aye, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep ye would have had mair sense," and Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself.

A man who was offering gratuitous information at a country fair was disparaging the show of cattle. "Call these here prize cattle?" he scornfully said. "Why, they aint nothin' to what our folks raised. You may not think it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts."

"I can very well believe it," observed a bystander, surveying him from head to foot.

It is not every one who enjoys a joke at his own expense. The judge who pointed with his cane and exclaimed: "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane," was intensely enraged when the man looked hard at him and asked coolly:

"At which end, your honor?"

A friend of Curran's was bragging of his attachment to the jury system, and said:

"With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die."

"Oh," said Curran, in much amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick?"—*Tribune*.

"NOW, Patsy, if it should come to a real issue, which would you rather lose—your money or your life?"

"Me loife, begorra. Oi'm savin' me money for me old age."—*The Bohemian*.

Sheer Waste of Money

AT THE Metropolitan Club, of Washington, Justice Harlan had introduced to him a well-known New York business man. With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that his income exceeded \$100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, it costs me eighty thousand a year to live!"

"Dear me," said Justice Harlan, blandly. "Really that's too much! I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"—*Democratic Telegram*.

TWO Irishmen were discussing the various books they had read.

"Have you read 'The Eternal City'?"

"I have."

"Have you read Marie Corelli's works?"

"I have that."

"Have you read 'Looking Backwards'?"

"How on airth could I do that?"—*The Tailor*.

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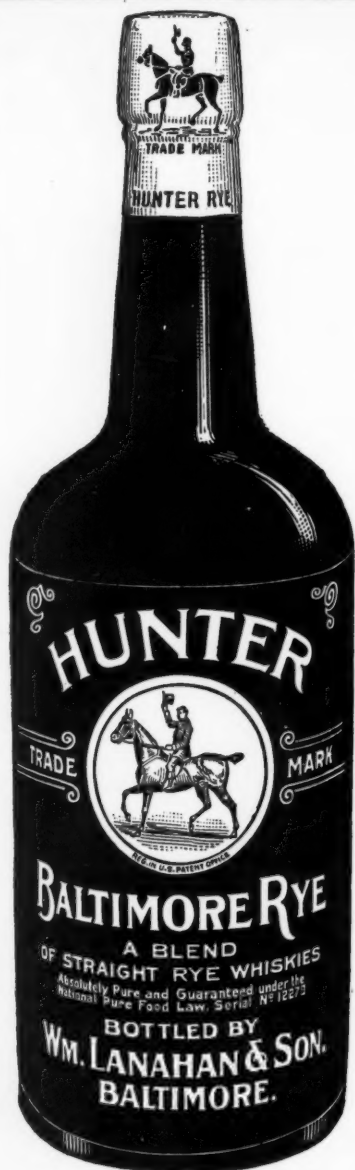
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The Coin of the Realm

"IN GOD we trust," it used to be,
And no one made objection
To such a trust; indeed, we deemed
It quite beyond defection.

But times have changed; the Trust must go;
Our motto's dissolution
Has come to pass. Now shall we have
T. R. as substitution?

—New York Sun.

Epigrams

(From the Journal of Madame Leandre)

By HELEN WOLJESKA

1
THE dress that makes people exclaim, "What a pretty gown!" should be discarded. Wear the dress that causes them to say, "What a pretty woman!"

2
In youth your face is the key to your body. In age it is the key to your soul.

3
There is no necessity for telling it all. You say more by saying less.

4
An amateur is somebody who loves something in a shallow way.

5
Be natural. But, if possible, be natural beautifully.—Metropolitan Magazine.

COLONEL "IKE" HILL, assistant sergeant-at-arms for the Democrats in the House of Representatives, has violent political prejudices, and at election time is wont to back them with money.

He got into a political discussion in the lobby of the Hoffman House, in New York, a short time ago and made an assertion that was disputed by a man in the gathering.

Colonel "Ike" reached down into his pocket, pulled out a roll of money, and peeled off five one hundred dollar bills.

"I will just bet you five hundred dollars I am right," he said.

"I'll take you," said the other. "Wait until I get a pen and ink."

A cold look came into Colonel "Ike's" eyes.

"What do you want a pen and ink for?" he asked.

"Why, I want to write a check for five hundred dollars to cover your bet."

Colonel "Ike" put his money in his pocket.

"Bring me a pen and ink, too," he said, "for if this is going to be a check bet I'll make it five thousand dollars."—Saturday Evening Post.

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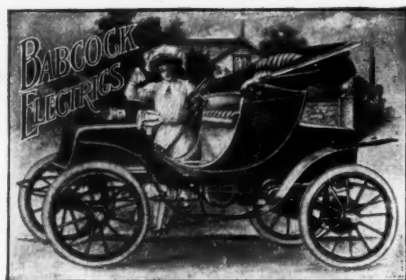
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